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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

February 1, 1949

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CHAMPIONS CHOOSE INTERNATIONALS

AND WIN FIVE OUT OF SIX TOP HONORS IN NATION-WIDE TRUCK ROADEO COMPETITION



IT WAS a great victory for the men who won top honors in Canada's Second Truck Roadeo Championships, held recently at the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds in Toronto.

While thousands watched the history-making event, SIXTY-THREE of the nation's finest truck operators, from all sections of the Dominion, competed for

National Championship awards. Each competitor had the right to choose the make of truck he drove. The judges' decisions were based on the observance of safety rules and courtesy, as well as on general driving skill and proficiency. Here are the winners who chose and drove Internationals — the new Canadian Truck Roadeo Champions:

STRAIGHT TRUCK DIVISION

1st: Bernard E. Jones, London, Ontario, employed by John Labatt Ltd., driving an *International KB-6* with stake body.

2nd: Douglas R. Chalmers, Toronto, Ontario, employed by Imperial Oil Ltd., driving an *International KB-6* with stake body.

TRACTOR-SEMI-TRAILER DIVISION

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2nd: Norman J. Tomlinson, Burlington, Ontario, employed by A. S. Nicholson & Son Ltd., driving an *International KB-7* with semi-trailer van body.

3rd: John A. Welsh, London, Ontario, employed by Harry Woods Transport, driving an *International KB-7* with semi-trailer van body.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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Hamilton

Ontario



CHAMPIONS ALL! Left to right they are: John A. Welsh, London, Ont.; Eugene S. Riddell, Chatham, Ont.; Norman J. Tomlinson, Burlington, Ont.; Douglas R. Chalmers, Toronto, Ont.; and Bernard E. Jones, London, Ont.



INTERNATIONAL



Trucks



A great Canadian publishing organization creates a great new printing plant

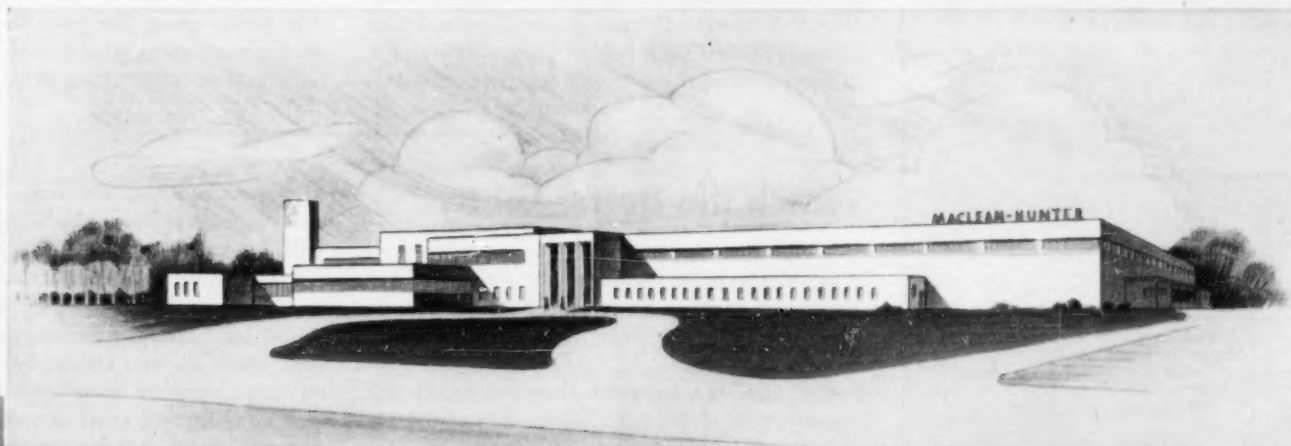
Probably the most modern in the world is this magnificent new plant of Maclean-Hunter. Its completion adds to our facilities for serving our readers and our advertisers.

There was one publication 60 years ago. Its circulation was less than 2,000. Today there are 37 Maclean-Hunter publications in three countries—Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

The new North Yonge Street plant in Toronto is the production centre for Maclean-Hunter publications; leaders among Canada's national magazines and business newspapers.

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To Maclean-Hunter advertisers, this new plant is a symbol of strength and leadership. Strength derived from sound and aggressive editorial service. Leadership that presents an ever-recurring challenge to do a better job for the advertiser every day.



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EDITORIALS

Canada Needs Brains, So Why Keep Them Out?

HOW UNEDUCATED does a prospective immigrant have to be to qualify for entry into Canada?

By the last count available at Ottawa, DP camps in Europe contain 1,600 doctors, 700 dentists, 700 chemists, 2,700 engineers, 1,000 foresters. Canada could use men from all those professions. So far, except for a tiny handful of special cases, we have barred them.

We've brought in 30,000 wood choppers, farm hands, domestics and charwomen. Some of them successfully concealed the fact that they were also intelligent, well-educated people—their strong backs were an effective disguise for their good brains. But for brains as such, Canada has shown a marked repugnance.

Why?

Partly because of a lack of direct contact between employer and prospective employee. An industrialist will hire 50 or 100 pick-and-shovel men sight unseen. Before he hires an engineer for an executive job, he wants to talk to the man himself.

If professional associations like the Engineering Institute were to send interviewers to Europe, they could winnow out a group of highly qualified men whose chances of employment in Canada would be good. Then the Government could afford to risk letting them in without stipulating the "assured employment" normally required for an immigrant without money.

But there's a bigger obstacle to the immigration of highly skilled men. There is more than indifference, there is, in some cases, active hostility, based on a fear of competition.

According to the officially accepted estimate,

Canada needs about 2,000 more doctors to provide adequate service by present methods. If we had health insurance on a national scale we'd need many more. In fact, one of the arguments against health insurance is that we've nowhere near enough doctors to carry it out.

Yet the Canadian Medical Association and the various provincial associations refuse to license DP doctors to practice in Canada. Immigration officials have suggested various restrictions, such as a contract to keep each immigrant doctor for a term of years in some area that now lacks medical service of any kind. So far, none of these plans has proved acceptable to the medical profession.

Dr. Hugh Keenleyside, the deputy minister in charge of immigration, said last spring, "The only trade union that has been adamant in its official opposition to the admission of competitive DP's has been the medical profession."

This isn't good enough.

Canada needs more people—hundreds of thousands more, millions over a period of years. We want those new citizens to be the best people we can get, the most intelligent, the most enterprising, the most likely to bring new skills and ideas for developing our country.

We can't afford to keep skilled people out merely because they might compete with people already here—in fact, it's to the national interest that they should compete, the more effectively the better.

The present is the greatest opportunity in 100 years—since the revolutions of 1848—to enrich our nation with fine new blood. We're letting that opportunity slip.

Watch the Butter Lobby

Thanks to the Supreme Court, it looks as if we might have something to spread on our bread this winter that's cheaper than gold leaf. Margarine is now legal, apparently always should have been.

But now the interests that prevented the manufacture of this good, cheap food are trying to make it as unpalatable and unattractive as possible. They'd like to slap heavy taxes on the materials out of which it is made. They'd like to forbid the coloring of it—this in spite of the fact that butter itself is artificially colored

at some seasons of the year. Some provincial governments appear to be heeding these appeals with a good deal of sympathy.

If Canadian consumers allow the dairy lobby to get away with this, they deserve the consequences. Here's a perfectly wholesome food that could be, and should be, freely available to supplement at lower cost a butter supply that's inadequate even at today's high prices. There's no sensible reason for preventing its manufacture and sale in the form consumers want.

Now that we are rid of one restrictive law, let's not tolerate a new set.



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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin", telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at \$1.00 each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The choice of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus 20c postage and handling.

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DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB—105 Bond Street, Toronto 2

"No! No! A thousand times NO!"



So you're afraid to wear that blue suit . . .

A FRAID those telltale flakes and scales may stamp you as a careless person . . . may shout to the world . . . "Dandruff!"?

Well Brother, here's good news for you. You can put that blue suit back in service when you get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Real results quickly

It's wonderful how often this method gets results. Why rely on so-called cures of the overnight variety? It's wonderful to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how soon scalp and hair start back to normal.

You see, *Listerine Antiseptic treats dandruff as it should be treated . . . with rapid germ-killing action.*

As it bathes scalp and hair, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

Every time you wash your hair

If you have the slightest sign of flakes and scales (and particularly if they persist) make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair care. It's a wonderful precaution . . . a healthful treatment.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-

day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick! FOR DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

THE Honorable Charles G. (Chubby) Power, author of our current masthead article, represents—in theory at least—an animal which has no right to exist. The Hon. Chubby has spent most of his highly active life getting in and out of the hair of politicians (including those of his own party, the Liberals) and his standing is still as high among politicians as among the voters of the riding of Quebec South, who have kept him in the House of Commons for 32 consecutive years.

At 61 he is the oldest member of the House in years of continuous service, and still high in the councils of a Government he has never hesitated to criticize. His most notable jousts with his own party occurred in 1944, when he resigned after a spectacularly successful term as Air Minister in protest over the imposition of conscription, and in the wake of his more recent charges that the Liberals have been straying too far from the Liberal tradition. In this latter action the opening gun was fired in the pages of this magazine exactly two years ago. Among other things, he wrote that although he himself was still a convinced Liberal, his party urgently needed "a house cleaning in the field of policy," that "the traditional party of progress and reform" had gone off the track and was "traveling in the ditches of expediency, first Right, then Left."

Power's friends on both sides of the floor sadly gave him full marks for a remarkable act of political courage but agreed he'd finally committed political suicide.

Far from it. The Government promptly gave the Honorable Chubby the chairmanship of the important parliamentary committee on redistribution. And last summer, when the party convened to choose a successor to Mackenzie King, Power was still a contender. In his speech accepting nomination for the contest ultimately won by Louis St. Laurent Power repeated and expanded his plea for reformation of the party, and received what newspaper reports described as the noisiest ovation of any candidate. And he still holds one of the party's most important extragovernment-

tal jobs, as chief organizer for Quebec.

His article in this issue of Maclean's, advocating more control over political campaign spending, may seem somewhat out of character with his position as a political organizer. But to those who know him, it won't seem at all out of character with his position as Chubby Power—a living testimonial to the heartening truth that in Canada it's still possible for a politician to speak his mind and stay in business.

Ray Gardner, whose study of two-legged wolves on page 9 attests to another of our authors' courage in coming to grips with controversial subjects, has left the Sparta of daily newspaper work for the lotus land of the free-lance magazine writer. In making the change Gardner looks back, with a tiny nostalgic sigh, on a colorful and successful career on Canadian newspapers.

Gardner started out in the business two jumps ahead of his colleagues: he had been captain of the fastest roller hockey team in Vancouver. This led to a job on the sports department of the Vancouver Daily Province. Since that time he has also been court reporter on the Toronto Star, sports and city editor of the Vancouver News-Herald, news editor of the Vancouver Sun and executive editor of the Edmonton Bulletin.

On the Sun he led a checkered career. He was once assigned to write a story on "How to Move a Monkey Tree." On another occasion he interviewed an empty chair in which he was told Father Divine was seated, invisible.

In 1947 he received the first Kemsley Empire Scholarship as "the outstanding Canadian newspaperman under 30." Gardner, aged 28, toured England and Europe for a year at the expense of Lord Kemsley, and interviewed everyone from John Masefield and the Archbishop of Canterbury to Prime Minister Attlee and Sir Stafford Cripps.

Altogether an impressive record. Just the man, we felt, to send out on original research on wolves.

The Editors

CALVERT 1622

Famous Families

ROBINSON 1791



Born at Berthier in 1791, John Beverley Robinson studied law and was appointed acting Attorney General when 21 years old. He was appointed Chief Justice of Upper Canada in 1829 and later Speaker of the Executive Council.

In 1850 he was created a baronet. His brother William Benjamin became Inspector-General in 1844. His son John Beverley, also a lawyer, soldier and statesman, was elected Mayor of Toronto in 1857. In 1880 he was named Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Truly a distinguished Canadian family.



Great Families Create Great Nations

Distinguished English statesman and Secretary of State to King James I, Calvert, head of the famous Calvert family, founded pioneer colonies in Newfoundland and Maryland early in the 17th Century.

Calvert's descendants fostered the principles of democratic freedom and religious tolerance among their New World settlers. They proved their sincerity by granting

a greater measure of freedom than had hitherto been enjoyed and by permitting the settlers to inaugurate democratic self-government.

The family is the corner-stone upon which great nations are built. Let each of us strive to promote within the great Canadian family the same concepts of freedom and tolerance pioneered by the Calvert family over three hundred years ago.

The Calvert family present a freedom charter to their settlers.



Calvert DISTILLERS (Canada) Limited
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For Economical Food Planning

Begin with Bread!



More than ever now you're glad of baker's bread! It's *the* one big food item that's not way up in price. It's swell to eat by itself—nourishing, digestible, and delicious. More than that, *baker's bread is a menu-maker!* It makes all kinds of main dishes and desserts that please and satisfy—and *cut your food bill!* Prove it with these 3 tempting treats. You'll agree—food budgeting **BEGINS WITH BREAD!**



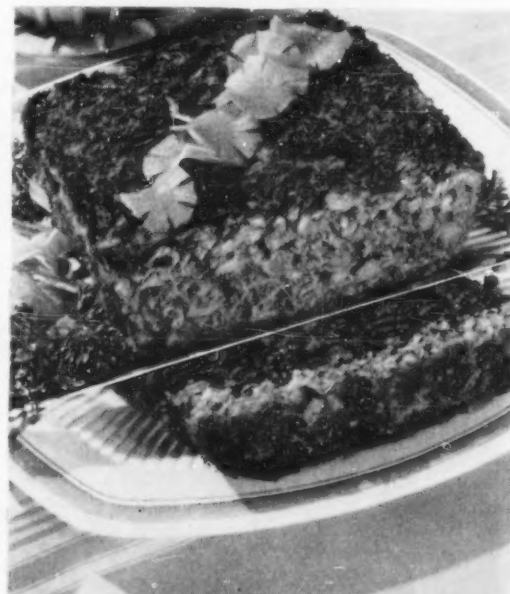
MEAT ROLLS ON TOAST

Mix 1 lb. ground beef with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and 2 tbsps. water. Shape into rolls. Roll in milk and then in dry bread crumbs. Brown in a little fat in hot skillet until done. Serve on toast with tomato sauce.



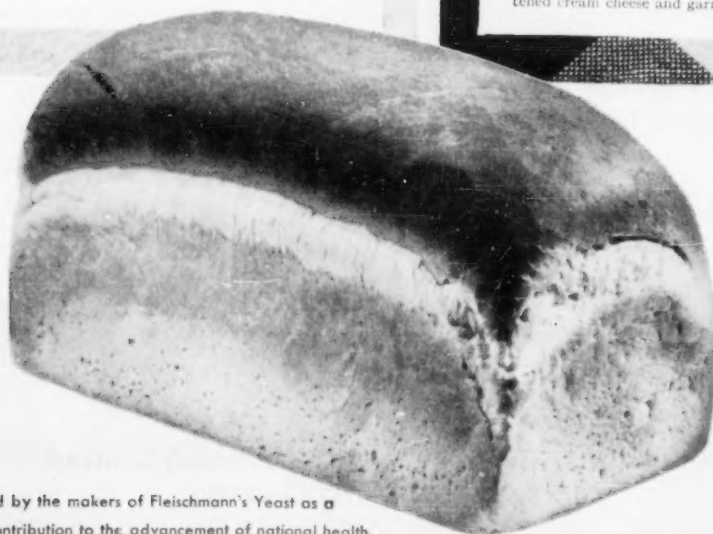
FULL-MEAL PARTY SANDWICH

Remove crusts from day-old unsliced sandwich loaf. Cut lengthwise into 4 thick slices. Spread 3 slices with butter. Spread 1 layer with a meat or fish salad, the second with mixed vegetable salad, and the third with pepper relish or a sweet filling. Place spread slices one on top of another, and cover with the plain slice. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill. Just before serving, spread loaf with moistened cream cheese and garnish. Serves 12.



FRANKFURTER LOAF

Remove skins from 1 lb. frankfurters and put through food chopper. Add 4 or 5 chopped carrots. Add 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, put in greased baking dish and bake at 375°F. about 45 minutes.



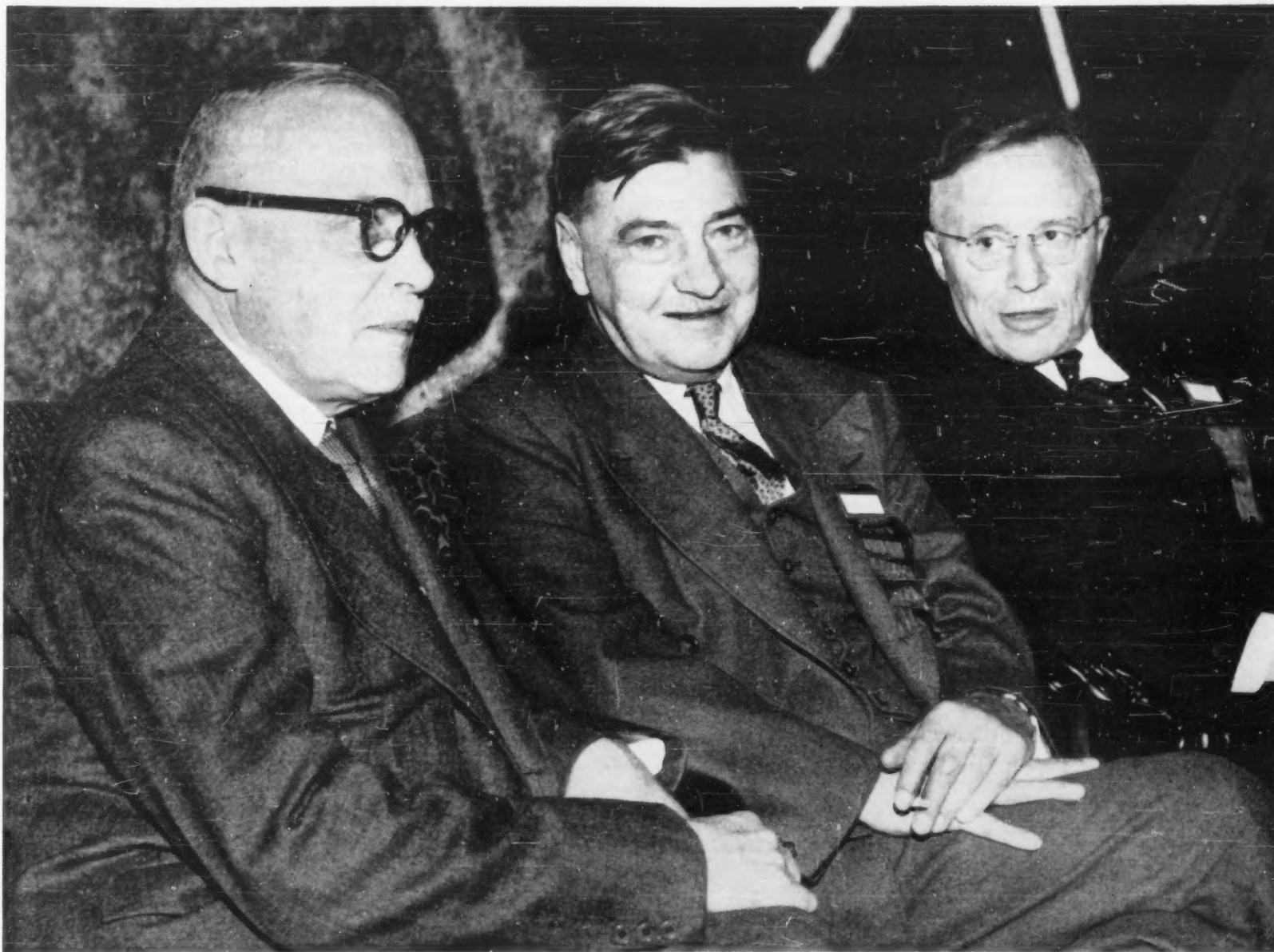
Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national health.

BUY BAKER'S BREAD

YOUR BAKER TO-DAY supplies bread that's unequalled for tasty goodness and hearty wholesome eating. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.



BREAD'S YOUR BEST BUY!



STAR

When Liberals voted for new leader only St. Laurent (left) and Gardiner (right) stood between Power and premiership.

WANTED: A CEILING ON ELECTION SPENDING

By HON. C. G. POWER, M.P.

as told to Leslie Roberts

THE BANE of the modern politician is the certainty that if he departs in the slightest degree from the straight and narrow path of routine partisan activity, his actions are at once analyzed in a frantic search for hidden motives and inside stories.

Let me say that this article is not intended to be a sensational disclosure of the securely hidden and safely guarded secrets of any political organization. It is not intended to be an attack on those who in the past either contributed or received campaign funds.

Having said this, I would like to enter a plea for major and, I believe, urgent reforms in the raising and spending of campaign funds by Canadian political parties. I believe that their size, real or reputed, brings pressure for stupid, senseless and futile expenditures; that they can and should be limited by law; that the hypocritical concealment of their extent and sources gives rise to unhealthy rumors and suspicions which undermine faith and confidence in democratic institutions; and that in

A veteran political organizer urges us to place a limit on campaign funds and make their donors stand up and be counted

the interests of Canadian democracy, the sources of campaign contributions and the size of funds should be indicated to the public.

I am not a reformed political rake nor even a moralizing crusader seeking, at one fell swoop, to destroy the demon of political corruption. I have myself been for many years connected with my own party organization—constituency, provincial and national. If I could, I would dedicate these lines to my fellow political "Sons of Martha" of all political shades, whose unsung labors—in preparing conventions, meetings, speeches, in grooming candidates, in sounding, forming and delivering public opinion—go a long way toward successful

results at the polls, despite interventions by zealots on the one hand and mercenaries on the other, and sometimes temperamental candidates and leaders.

Smoke Out the Chiselers

NO GROUP of people would be happier to see restriction of election expenditures than those who come under the head of political organizers.

They would like to see spending cut to the point where, for example, just because one side plasters every pole in the county with its candidate's picture, the other need not follow suit. They would like to be rid of all the little chiselers who come around with schemes which, because they have already sold them to the other side—advertisements in often valueless publications, for instance—they literally blackmail you into buying for your own man, usually at rates the vendor dare not charge for ordinary commercial purposes. Restrictions of campaign spending would certainly be a cure for an organizer's headaches.

This is merely an attempt to bring back to public notice and to that of the House of Commons a measure of political reform which was introduced by myself as a minister on behalf of the Government during the session of 1938 and reintroduced during the following session of 1939.

At that time the Rt. Hon. Prime Minister, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, said: "Campaign funds are necessary for the purposes of an election. Is there anything wrong with securing funds to help propagate the principles in which one believes?" Mr. R. B. Bennett on Jan. 31, 1938, said in the House: "Contributions to political parties are not in any sense censurable."

During the course of the debate, on March 13, 1939, an advertisement in the Vancouver Province, entitled "The CCF Makes a Frank Appeal to You," read: "Money is needed to purchase radio time, to prepare attractive literature, to send organizers into neglected areas . . . to do the hundred and one things necessary to assure the success of CCF candidates . . . You can make a direct contribution, or pledge a set amount per month, and contributions will be privately acknowledged and remain confidential."



To loyal party workers, Power contends, fat slush funds are fat headache.

Obviously all parties believe in the necessity of campaign funds. I believe in them too. Nevertheless, again in 1949 at the outset of a new session, I am hoping to persuade the House of Commons to reopen the discussion and put some sort of ceiling on what the public calls election slush. We need more than a ceiling on spending. We have a right to know what is under the roof.

These were the objectives of the legislation which I introduced in Parliament in 1938 and brought back to the House in somewhat altered form in 1939. As I am hoping to see the whole question reopened and acted upon during the present session, it may be interesting to look back to what happened then, because we shall probably hear more of the same in days to come.

The moralists were sure my original bill did not go far enough, because it was obvious that all electoral corruption would not cease with the bill's enactment into law. The political *cognoscenti*, on the other hand, took the position that it would be far better to make existing penalties for infractions of the Elections Act work before burdening political workers with new thou-shalt-nots. As

debate wore on, more and more members took to ridicule as their weapon of attack. "Power's Purity Purge" is one of the phrases I remember. The bill received extensive study in committee, however, and was reported back to the House with approval and the recommendation that a similar bill should be reintroduced at the next session of Parliament with a number of amendments. This was done, but before either passage or defeat could be registered, war intervened and matters of purely domestic political concern were relegated to the dustbin.

What are these things called campaign funds? The answer depends on who you are and sometimes on whether you are on the winning or losing side of an election. If you are a CCFer, the campaign fund spells out as capitalist corruption. If you are a Social Crediter, it is money from the banks. If you run with the Bloc Populaire, campaign funds and British Imperialism are synonymous. If you vote the LPP ticket then the imperialism, at the moment, is American. If you should be a defeated Liberal candidate, then you were licked by the money power of Bay Street, or St. James Street. If you are an unsuccessful Conservative, you may

easy money when the next campaign rolls around. To the organizer the fund is the constantly dwindling supply of dollars from which he draws the means to meet thousands of demands, requests and prayers, legitimate and otherwise. It is the decreasing mite with which he must meet all claims, bills, accounts, requests and plain holdups—an insufficient mite which has made him a host of enemies and few, if any, friends.

Actually, in the national sense, the campaign fund is the amount of money required by any political party to educate the public in the nature of its policies and program. In terms of the individual constituency, it is the money a candidate needs with which to fight his own individual election. It is to the national, or general, fund that the large contributions are made, a considerable portion of this money flowing out to regional organizations and, through them, into individual ridings.

A \$10 Million Headache

IT WOULD be a safe guess that at the present the major federal political parties are spending approximately \$3 millions each over the four-year period, including the eight weeks of the campaign proper. Other parties probably spend another \$1 million all told. These \$7 millions of central funds are contributed by organizations, corporations and individual sympathizers. The sum total of other funds expended on the constituency level for a federal election would tally another \$3 millions. In other words, apart from the official costs of an election, defrayed by the state itself, supporters of parties and individuals are spending something like \$10 millions to elect a House of Commons, the present membership of which is 245.

That averages considerably more than \$40,000 per member. When you pause to consider that the CCF, the Social Crediters and splinter-groupers are going along largely on a shoestring, the cost of getting a representative of either of the two major parties into the House of Commons begins to be apparent.

This theoretical average of \$40,000, of course, includes a proportion of overhead—four years of it—in the central organization's publicity, radio, advertising, and what not, and that for all parties.

Moreover, the amounts vary in different constituencies. For instance, in an election held nearly 30 years ago in a Montreal Island constituency the amount legally expended and publicly reported by one candidate was \$105,000. The loser in the same constituency on the same occasion spent \$44,000. These sums, needless to say, constitute a record at least for known legal disbursements. In other constituencies as little as \$400 or \$500 has been sufficient to carry the day.

Yet the war chest is always empty. Even in the heat of an election campaign, central party funds are usually in the red and the faithful are out scrounging for dollars. As the race goes down to the wire the demands from individual candidates become more and more urgent, more and more insistent. Candidates themselves have a tendency to minimize or conceal information as to the money they have received from supporters in their own ridings and constantly, persistently and tearfully call on headquarters for more and more money.

A Ban on Free Riders?

THIS adds enormously to the cost of an election. With a ceiling on slush it would disappear. It would also enable the candidate's organizer to ward off exaggerated local demands. The racketeer would look for other means of turning a penny. Hence the corrupt practices in which he engages would, I believe, largely disappear, for it is on the constituency level that corrupt practices mainly occur.

What are these practices? In the main they are the direct bribery of electors, treating, impersonation of voters and the transportation of citizens to and from the polls, the last of which may surprise many an honest

Continued on page 48

Do Whistling Wolves Bite?

By RAY GARDNER

ONCE UPON a time the wolf was merely a four-legged animal that went after Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. But in this fifth decade of the 20th century the term is more often applied to the questing male with the low whistle and the high-speed line who isn't interested in anyone's grandmother. As such, the wolf has become a symbol of considerable social significance, a key to the study of our changing sex customs.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who has never been called a wolf? Probably not, for after the serviceman left the wolf at our door we took him in and almost made a pet of him. We're inclined to call the young wolf "cute," treat the older wolf, at the worst, as a harmless joke.

What does this good-natured toleration of wolfing signify? Does it mean that our sex behavior standards are sinking dangerously low? Or, on the other hand, is it a welcome sign that we are taking a more frank and healthy—if also boisterous—attitude toward sex?

Those experts who make it their business to decide whether we are on the shortest road to hell—the psychologists, sociologists, boys' counselors, social workers, and teachers—agree that our tendency to tolerate the wolf is a sign that our sex standards are changing. But they disagree on whether or not the change is for the better.

They say that our sex customs are constantly changing and that the modern variety of wolf is a product of this evolution. He has had many predecessors, each one usually a trifle more bold than the last, and each a representative of the changing standards of his time.

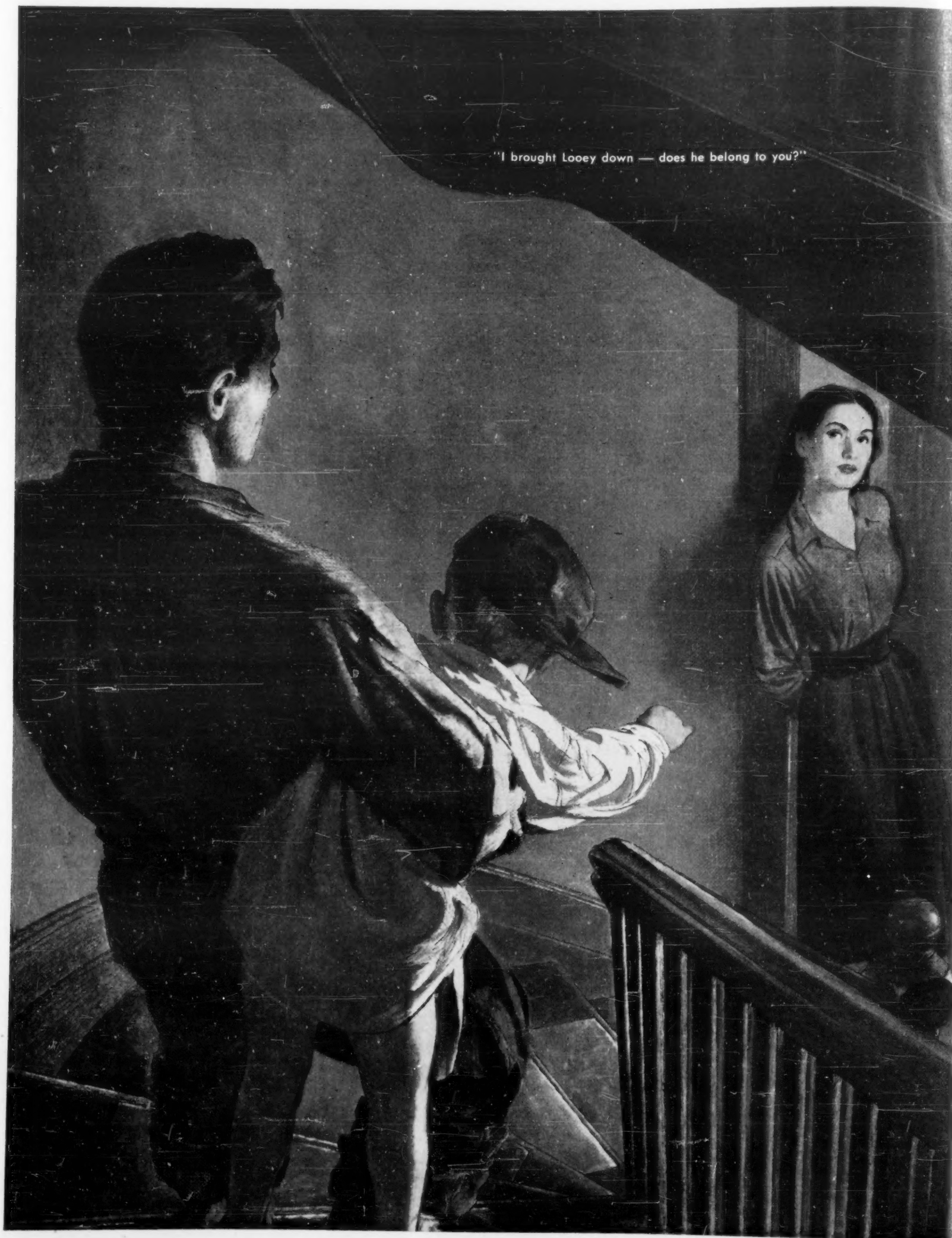
The "masher" of the 90's and the early 1900's has his place in the genealogy of the wolf, says Prof. J. D. Ketchum of the psychology department of University of Toronto. "He was dressed to kill and gave a wicked look out of the corner of his eye," Prof. Ketchum recalls. "That wicked look has descended today to the whistle. The end in view is the same for both. The wolf is more bold than the masher and that has come about through a much more frank acceptance of what is the end result of these approaches."

In the 20's the wolf *Continued on page 43*

Are lamppost Lotharios a menace — or merely amusing in a corny way? The psychologists, who don't get whistled at, aren't alarmed



BOY & BELL



MACLEAN'S SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Black Is the Color Of My True Love's Hair

By JOHN JEFFREY SYMONS

HE STOPPED.

That sound—like running feet pounding after him—nagged at his mind.

The houses in the narrow street crouched over him. The people, the city—it is true, he thought, you can be most lonely in the city.

A man, young, he wore faded blue jeans rolled up, showing high-cut boots. He had on a heavy grey shirt and over it an open leather jacket. His hair was long, roughly brushed, curling at his neck and ears.

As he shifted the small canvas bag on his shoulder the easy supple timing of the men who work in the bush showed plain. This city was foreign to him and he to it.

His eyes looked about, following the rut of the gutter up to the doors that opened onto the sidewalk, up to the line of the roofs where night was settling.

He didn't know the street. Deliberately he looked up at the building. Old shingles, wrinkled, unpainted; cockeyed windows open showing torn grey curtains, lop-eared geraniums in tin cans, cat's tails, fat elbows, bald heads and women's tongues—all at the windows.

"Tired! You hear—tired!"

He moved on, then turned and looked back at the odd bits of living in those windows there. Again on, down the street in the twilight, past two Chinese. They were talking. One was sitting on a chair, backward, his arms over the back of it, right there on the pavement on a kitchen chair. Slanted eyes followed as he walked by. The other was standing, sliding one hand back and forth through the air as he talked. In Chinese, fast, talked, talked.

He stopped, listening. In the coming darkness he quickly turned his head, listening, looking. All over he heard the drone of moving tongues. There, across the street, and by the post, and right behind on the steps two women in all-covering gowns with curlers in their short hair:

"Him? Why'ant yuh smack'im?"

"Did! He on'y laughed and did it more!"

He stared at them. He opened his mouth, but his words were only thoughts. They saw him and stared and stopped talking; and he turned and went on some more, hearing their voices start again.

Out of the dark in front of him a man came quickly, stopping, and said:

"Mac, say, gotta match?"

"Why sure." He flicked his thumbnail across the head of the match and brought it up flaring to the stranger's face. It was a family face, the face of a man with a wife and kids and house, a man with a lunch box, a rolled cigarette, a yen for beer, hurrying home.

"Thanks, Mac." And the stranger hurried on.

Ahead, in something pink—a gown? a dress?—a woman at the top of three steps, in front of an open door. Not doing anything—sitting, not moving her head, her eyes still, listening, thinking.

And he stopped then, just this side of her. In the near dark he moved a little more forward; her head turned and her eyes traveled up to his face.

"Miss?" he said.

Because she smiled, he stopped. Her smile grew; she chuckled. She laughed. She slapped her thigh and roared. And in her laughter she turned her head to the open door behind her. "Alfred!" she bellowed. "Alfred!" She laughed more, looking up at him, and then her laughter slowly ended. Alfred did not come.

"Not in years, son," she said, "I ain't been called miss. So I laughed. Me, near fifty. Miss! Imagine!"

"I was looking for a place to stay?" he said.

"What you doin' this way?"

"Stopping a bit."

She nodded her head, looking up at him. "What you do?"

"Going to sea."

She shook her head, turning it to the open door. "Alfred!" she bellowed. In reply, down the street a baby squawked. Again, "Alfred!"

She gave up, and said, "He's lazy. Sleep, sleep."

Gets home from work all he does is eat, then sleep. And snore! Listen—"

From some place inside came snoring, loud, free and easy, contented.

"Hear that? That's him—Alfred!" She stopped. "Got some money? Be four dollars, for the week."

He held out four one-dollar bills. "Thanks, thanks very much."

She got up: she drew in air, straightened out one leg, pushed with her hands on the top step, and came up standing on the bottom step. She blew out air, turned and walked up.

"It's upstairs," she said.

He followed this giant of a woman who laughed so loudly, so complacently.

There were no lights. Not all the way up two flights of stairs, no lights except under the door of one room. Every step squeaked; the banisters wobbled. At the top, along the hall, she pushed a door open and stepped back.

"There!" she wheezed. "Get a bulb tomorrow for the light. You get to sleep in the dark now. Go wan in. I'll pull the door."

He was left alone in the dark, hearing her footsteps going down the hall. They stopped, and then came back to the door. He waited. There came a pounding at the door.

"Hey!" she called. "What's yer name?"

"John."

"That all?"

"Smith."

"Okay, Smitty. I'm going back to stop a bit on the porch."

BLACK. It was all black as he looked about him. Only the window was a dull glowing white square from the street light down the road. He leaned across the metal bed, knelt with springs creaking, and opened the window. A streetcar rattled along crooked rails outside. For a moment he listened, watching the empty street, then shifted back into the sag in the bed.

Something leaped from under him, landed—thud—on the floor, scurried away. Two eyes there, caught the glow from the window, glinted at him from the corner.

He scratched a match with his thumbnail and held it up.

The cat sat in the corner, in front of a pile of bedding, watching as Smitty came closer. It crouched and slunk away. He saw then on the blankets a child asleep. The match burnt his fingers and he dropped it.

In the light of another match he saw that the child's eyes were open. A boy, not more than three or four, half-covered by the bedding, wearing only a shirt too big for him. The eyes inspected him gravely.

"Hello," Smitty

Continued on page 34

Smitty dreamed of ships and seas and foreign strands.
But no dream is proof against the blush of a girl
and the shine of hair that is wondrous fair to see

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS



Gangway for a Warhorse

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

Editor's Note—Three months before the British elections of 1945, Mr. Baxter, a Conservative M.P., forecast a Labor victory in a widely quoted Maclean's article. Now he tells why he thinks Winston Churchill will again be Prime Minister.

CLEMENT ATTLEE is looking for a modest house in the country. No doubt he will find one, and acquire it, before these words appear in print.

What is unusual about that? I am not quite sure. But it is, nevertheless, worth a moment's speculation.

Mr. Attlee already has a town house in a quaint little street which hardly gets started before it comes to a stop. It is called Downing Street and he lives at No. 10.

He also has a beautiful country mansion called "Chequers," with hot and cold water, beautiful gardens, costly furniture and a full staff of indoor and outdoor servants. This, however, is not his own. It was given to the nation by Lord Lee of Fareham for the use of whoever happens to be Prime Minister. I believe there is a sum of £15 to cover a Prime Minister's out-of-pocket expenses for each week end that he spends there.

Then why should Mr. Attlee be looking for a country house at this moment? His friends say that he is getting on in years—he was 66 on Jan. 3—and that he wants a place to which he can ultimately retire, perhaps in seven or eight years.

Now all this is plausible and possible, but if we apply the technique of the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes we must ask: "Why is Mr. Attlee acquiring a house now, with prices at their highest, instead of waiting until the building program achieves its target and prices begin to drop?"

With some diffidence and all respect I venture the explanation that Mr. Attlee believes that a new tenant, a Mr. Churchill, will be coming to No. 10 Downing Street within a year or so and that he, Mr. Attlee, wants some place in which to store himself, his family and his furniture. It may be that he is unduly apprehensive and that this Mr. Churchill may not turn up at No. 10. It is obvious, however, that the Prime Minister does not deny the possibility.

The Parliamentary Ring

AFTER 13 years in Parliament I have come to the conclusion that there is a definite affinity between politics and boxing. After a general election the two parties (the Liberals merely hold the sponge) enter the ring at Westminster for a long-drawn-out title fight. The winner at the polls is the holder of the title while the other is the challenger.



Both are in splendid condition after the electoral bout, although the challenger has a half-closed eye and is rather red about the ribs. As the fight has to go the distance neither tries for a knockout in the early rounds. They are studying each other's defense, watching for an opening, noting if there is some vulnerable spot which the other seems over-inclined to protect. The fans yawn and even clap derisively. "Why don't you kiss and make up?" "Dear old pals" and other such taunts are flung at the gladiators.

The fighters are not unduly distressed by the anvil chorus. They know that there will be plenty of slug and blood before the contest ends and that the fans will then, in their excitement, forget about the mildness of the opening phase.

Round after round, round after round . . . the boxers are not even breathing heavily . . . then something happens! The challenger crosses a quick right to the champion's chin and the fans sit up. The champion smiles disdainfully and even dances about the ring to indicate that the blow has been of no consequence. Yet the challenger has seen a sudden look of apprehension in his adversary's eye.

"That's his weak spot," whisper the seconds during the interval. "Just keep playing the Maiden's Prayer on that glass chin of his."

Round after round . . . The champion is skilful and strong but those rights keep getting through to his chin. He is full of fight but his mind is worried. He tries for a knockout, misses, and gets a right on the chin in return. The experts exchange glances with each other. The champion's body is still strong but the reflexes are becoming slower. Where once his mind and fists were in instantaneous unity, now there is a split second of delay. Desperately the champion tries to clear his wits from the fog that is settling over them. Ouch! The challenger has hit him in the solar plexus just for a change.

Full of anger, the champion rouses himself and goes in for the kill, but somehow everything goes wrong. The challenger's brain is quickened by success and he outwits his opponent at every turn. "I just can't do anything right," the champion mumbles with swollen lips to his despondent seconds. "He won't last long now," observe the fans with the philosophical detachment of those who are on the right side of the ropes.

Churchill Out-of-Date?

FORGIVE me for sustaining a metaphor so long, but in essence it is exactly what has happened in British politics since 1945. Shrewd observers were confident that Britain was in for 15 years of Socialist Government. "By that time," they said, "an entirely different kind of Conservative Party will have emerged, and it will be the turn of Socialism to go into the wilderness in search of its soul."

The Labor Party came to Westminster in 1945 in a spirit of exultation. A people's government would lead the people. The older socialists, looking back on the long, long trail, were moved to deep emotion. The younger ones were full of ardor, eager to create a new heaven on the old earth.

As for Churchill, he was out-of-date! Yes, of course, he was terrific in the war but then he always loved war. He's something between an Elizabethan and an early Victorian, out-of-date as the dodo. We've got to have streamlined government now and men with streamlined minds. Churchill belongs across the road in Westminster Abbey, not here.

Thus chanted the new young Socialists flushed with victory and justly proud at finding the fate of the nation placed in their hands.

Outnumbered two to one, we of the Conservative Opposition did our best but we had been decimated in the election and, after so many years of office, we had almost forgotten how to oppose. There were

murmurings against Churchill's leadership on the ground that his attendance in the House was intermittent, that he was concerned with writing his memoirs and that he belonged to history rather than to the Conservative Party. Churchill was conscious of this when he went to America to make his Fulton speech and did consider his possible withdrawal from active leadership.

Let me make it clear that there was never any intention either on the part of his critics or himself that he should resign the titular leadership. The Conservative Party, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—the Tory Opposition in the House of Lords led by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Tory Opposition in the Commons led by Mr. Churchill and the Conservative Central Office presided over by Lord Woolton. The idea was that Winston Churchill should become the generalissimo with someone else taking over the command in the House of Commons.

Winter Takes a Hand

ICAN now reveal that a number of ex-Ministers met during Churchill's absence in the United States and told Anthony Eden that none of them would dispute his leadership in the Commons if Churchill nominated him. Most of us, therefore, believed that this was what would happen.

But things did not work out that way. Eden was appointed deputy leader but the old warrior did not remove himself to the stratosphere. Personally I regretted Mr. Churchill's decision at the time because I felt that he should more and more remove himself from partisan politics and speak as an elder statesman with the authority that only he can command.

In the meantime, the Socialists were steadfastly carrying through their nationalization schemes, and were duly aided and abetted by capitalist America with a loan. Ernie Bevin was a popular Foreign Secretary and could command the support of the Tories as well as most of his own party; Stafford Cripps was tackling trade problems with immense energy; Dr. Hugh Dalton was conducting finance with confidence and flamboyance; Herbert Morrison was keeping things in order on the home front, and there was much less industrial unrest than after the first World War.

In addition Mr. Attlee was showing courage, even though his judgment was questioned, in giving India and Burma their independence. Each by-election showed that the Government was retaining the confidence of the country. It is true, and only to be expected, that their by-election vote would fall below the 1945 level, but to this day the Government has not lost a single seat that it won in the general election. No wonder the Socialists laughed at us across the floor of the House. The Tories were going to wander in the wilderness for a long, long time.

The first blow to the chin was the bitterly cold winter of 1946-47, which caused a fuel breakdown and precipitated a minor economic crisis. Emanuel Shinwell, the Fuel Minister, was transferred to the War Office, a strange form of punishment. But he was chairman of the party and it would have been awkward to have dismissed him.

The next blow was in the following summer when Dr. Dalton miscalculated the drain from converting foreign sterling balances into dollars—which was one of the terms of the American loan. He had to stop the conversion and throw himself on the mercy of Washington. But he was not to last long. In the autumn he foolishly and innocently revealed the secrets of his auxiliary budget to a political journalist and had to resign. Let me assure you that there was absolutely no question of corruption.

By that time the Government was breathing heavily and was in some distress, but—"Iron Man" Cripps stepped into the breach and became financial as well as economic dictator. His power

was enormous, his integrity complete. He rallied the confidence of the country and was so wise in his speeches that even the Tories left him alone.

But he could not control his colleagues. Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Minister of Defense, demanded conscription with 18 months training for every able-bodied male. The Conservative Party backed him, but a powerful section of the Socialists insisted that he should reduce the period of training to one year. Foolishly and timidly Alexander agreed, whereupon Mr. Churchill knocked him all around the ring until he was only saved by the gong.

All this time the foreign situation was deteriorating. Ernie Bevin was tired, stubborn and discouraged. He could produce no solution of the Palestine problem, and his relations with Russia were at a deadlock. I do not underrate his difficulties nor doubt his sturdy patriotism, but politics demand success of those in authority and Bevin could not command it.

The country became puzzled and distrustful. More and more it began to listen for the voice that rallied the people in the war. Churchill was in the ascendant again and when he made a speech it was considered of more

Continued on page 41



Two years ago the Tories tried to retire Churchill. But at 75 he still hunts, dances and loves a fight.



Battling Churchill is in top form, ready to belt Champ Attlee off his throne. And he'll do it next election, Baxter predicts

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Needle for Drew — or a Boomerang?

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK



AS PARLIAMENT opens, the attention of all parties is focused on the new Opposition Leader, George A. Drew. Progressive Conservatives are more hopeful, Liberals and CCF more apprehensive than they were even six weeks ago.

During the December by-election campaigns, Liberals were gleefully contemptuous of Mr. Drew's slam-bang tactics. They were sure the Drew approach would offend the voter—too boisterous, too undignified.

However, the PC's won both elections. They were expected to win Carleton, but not by the greatest majority in history. They certainly were not expected to capture J. L. Ilsley's old riding, Digby-Annapolis-King's.

Any Liberal can produce a fat sheaf of reasons why they lost the Annapolis Valley. But some of them are beset by deeper doubts. Can it be that the public really likes its politics two-fisted?

These doubters are having twinges about Liberal strategy in Parliament. Liberal hatchet men like George Cruickshank, Jimmy Sinclair and the "Little Chicago" group from Quebec will be encouraged to needle the Opposition Leader on all occasions. According to the Liberal pipe dream they will be the picadors, the Cabinet will be the elegant and skilful matador, and Mr. Drew will be the bull.

But the strategy of needling Mr. Drew may boomerang. He is quick-tempered all right, to a degree that sometimes dismays his friends. But so far this hasn't appeared to be a liability. A lot of people seem to find it refreshing. The Grits won't find it hard to get him into a fight. Under Parliament's own Queensberry rules, they may beat him. But will such technical knockouts impress the average voter? Many a rank-and-file Liberal doubts it.

* * *

WHAT will the parliamentary battles of 1949 be about?

Probably less about matters of broad principle than about the narrower, specific issues that crop up without notice. Of the session's business that was known before the Speech from the Throne came out, little was of the kind that divides parties automatically.

Newfoundland will be item No. 1, and no Canadian party opposes Newfoundland's entry. Moreover, Progressive Conservatives will be very careful not to identify themselves with the extreme anti-Confederate group in Newfoundland. They may attack the methods used to bring about union, thus appealing to the Responsible Government faction in Newfoundland without alienating too many Confederates.

On the more contentious matters the sharp differences of opinion lie within the various parties rather than between them. Margarine is a prime example.

The Supreme Court has demolished the prohibition against making the stuff in Canada, but the ban on imports remains. It's unlikely this law will be left on the statute books. Unless someone appeals the Supreme Court judgment to the Privy Council (which the Government itself will not do) we can expect a new margarine law at the coming session.

It will probably propose a fairly stiff tariff on

imported margarine and an excise tax on the home-manufactured product. The idea will be to bring the price of margarine not too far below that of butter—make it cheaper, but not cheap enough to ruin the dairy business.

This whole question is a bone of contention between town and country, not between parties. All caucuses are likely to be split on it.

* * *

TWO MUCH more serious questions, also non-party issues, are the North Atlantic Security Pact and the defense estimates. If the Government can keep its own Quebec wing in line, there won't be much open opposition to the Security Pact. Defense is a different matter. Everybody favors an adequate defense program; the issue will be, how much is adequate?

Defense Minister Claxton has said the 1949 expenditure on the armed services will be bigger than 1948—how much bigger, he won't say. Certainly it will be less than double the 1948 defense budget, which was \$250 millions. Something around \$350 millions would probably be a fair guess.

Whatever the dollar figure may be, it'll be about as much as the Defense Department could spend in 1949 without causing civilian shortages. The military housing program, slated to build at least 8,000 houses for married personnel, will be taking a big bite out of scarce building materials anyway. The shipbuilding program—one icebreaker and several new-type submarine chasers—will be able to get by on the same amount of steel as Canadian shipyards used on cargo vessels in 1948, but any expansion would pinch civilian operations.

Progressive Conservatives are sure to attack the Government for high taxes and overswollen surpluses. How to demand both a bigger defense program and a lower tax rate will present a nice problem in tactics to the Opposition.

* * *

BIGGEST question of all, which Parliament won't even discuss, is whether we're going to need all this armament right away. What are the chances of war in 1949?

Curiously enough, it's not the Russians that the western governments fear—not directly, that is. They're convinced the Soviet Union doesn't want war now and won't intentionally or deliberately start one. They're not so sure that we in the democracies mightn't start one ourselves.

Here's the situation as explained by a man familiar with several Iron Curtain countries, and as accepted by Canadian defense policymakers:

Russians are profoundly ignorant of western psychology. They haven't the foggiest conception of the value democratic citizens place on individual human lives. To them, an "incident" involving loss of life has little importance, except when they choose.

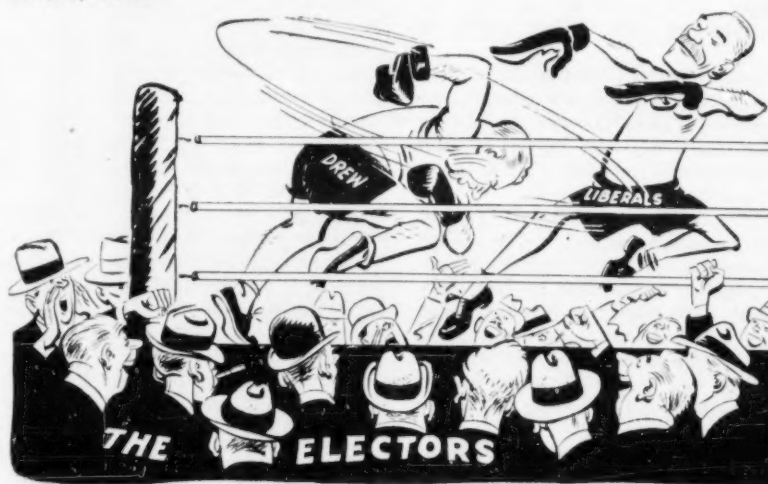
For example, shortly before the war there was a frontier clash between Russian and Japanese troops in Manchuria. Moscow thought the time unripe for any real trouble with Japan. Nothing was said or done about the "border incident"—though the casualties were 17,000 Russian killed and wounded.

To the Kremlin, it may well be incredible that if even 17, let alone 17,000, British or American or Canadian soldiers were killed in a frontier skirmish, western citizens might go to war over it. But they might. That's the kind of provocation that could convince us that there's nothing to be done with the Russians except to fight them.

Russia seems to want the cold war to continue at about the present level of tension. So long as that goes on, there's a continuing danger of the kind of flareup that the Russians would regard as trivial, but that to us would be deadly serious.

As one man summed it up: "We're pretty sure the Kremlin doesn't want war. But they're just ignorant enough and stupid enough to stumble into it anyway." ★

Cartoon by Grassick



But maybe the public really likes its politics two-fisted.



From liquid to solid: a margarine expert tests temperature of a new "batch."

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

A FREIGHTER drops anchor off a South Pacific atoll and from the palm-fringed shore a copra-laden canoe fleet shoots out to meet it. In the rich clay bottom lands of Alabama, Negro share croppers pluck bolls of silken fibre. Far down on the edge of Antarctica the lookout of a British whaler shouts, "Thar she blows!" In a jungle clearing of northern Nigeria a native farmer cultivates his peanut crop with a forked stick.

These scenes have a closer link with the Canadian today than they had a month or two ago. For copra, whale blubber, cottonseed and peanuts are a few of the more picturesque raw materials used in Canada's newest industry. They wind up eventually in that litigation-battered newcomer to Canadian kitchens—your margarine package.

Margarine's claim to fame does not lie only in the political heads it has cracked and the parliamentary brawls it has fathered. The story of modern margarine production is more romantic than that of any other foodstuff. Its discovery and refinement is one of the leading developments in 19th- and 20th-century food chemistry.

The Canadian public has been fighting a long time for the right to eat margarine. The experts, incidentally, pronounce this butter substitute with a hard "g," as in Margaret.

Now that we've got it, what is it?

Briefly, margarine is a fatty spread whose base, instead of being milk fat as in butter, is a mixture of plant-produced oils and fats with sometimes, though not so commonly nowadays, animal fats or oils added. These oils, known as vegetable oils to the trade, are obtained directly from plants. An

Bread's Other Spread

Conceived in war, conditioned by 60 years of political battle, margarine returns triumphant to Canada's kitchens. Now that we've got it, what is it?

important item of cost—the upkeep of a dairy herd—is bypassed and the resultant product is much cheaper. To the vegetable oils of margarine, butter-milk is added to give the product a taste similar to butter.

The vegetable oils which go into margarine are those used in the production of shortening and soaps, and as a result it is the shortening and soap-producing firms which form the nucleus of Canada's infant margarine industry.

There are two steps in turning out a margarine product. First is the extracting, refining and cleansing of the oils. These oils are then churned with milk or other ingredients and the cooling of the final mixture produces margarine.

The extraction of vegetable oils (the oil is usually in the seed) is an industry in itself. The crude product is used in paints, varnishes, waterproofing compounds and lubricants as well as in soaps and shortening. The soapmakers buy their vegetable oils in a crude liquid state and have to refine and treat it extensively before they can use it. Canada already has 14 of these refining plants, great mazes of piping and tanks which look like a plumber's

nightmare. This same equipment is now humming with extra shifts to supply the margarine industry as well.

But margarine demands a much more exacting refining technique than do soap and shortening. "Shortening is always mixed with something else," one food chemist explains, "and you never get a really good taste of it. But margarine goes straight into your mouth and that calls for a perfectly clear, tasteless, odorless oil. It's refined in the same way as for shortening, but when a margarine batch is going through, every step has to be much more carefully watched."

The need for further development of oil-refining techniques was chiefly responsible for the delay in getting margarine onto the Canadian market after the ban against its manufacture was lifted last December.

The only new equipment required for margarine production in Canada was the big vat churns and cooling tanks needed for the second step—the mixing of the vegetable oils with the milk and other secondary ingredients. The equipment itself is not extensive. Canada's first *Continued on page 46*



Six expectant mothers daily pass through hospital portals.

Unique clinic (below) tests well patients for signs of cancer.



Male doctors are barred from this 90-bed public ward.



The Doctors Wear Skirts

By THELMA LeCOCQ

Photos by Rice and Bell

Ladies stand on their rights at Women's College Hospital — where the doctor may turn up with a ribbon in her hair

THE pictures on these pages might typify any large Canadian hospital except for one point: Toronto's Women's College Hospital, the only institution of its kind in Canada, is operated and staffed entirely by women, and largely for them. As such it represents a mighty step forward from pre-World War I days when female nurses were shielded from male patients by a screen during operations. Women still aren't accepted as equals in the medical profession: there's only one feminine member of the staff of Toronto General (she was appointed during the war) and many medical schools keep their female quotas below 10%. Thus, Women's College is a godsend to its 45 women doctors and seven interns.

The idea was first conceived in 1895 by a group of women doctors who opened a two-bed dispensary on Toronto's Seaton Street. It was rough sledding at first. Dr. Isabella Wood, head of the dispensary, bicycled a mile and a half to work hampered by whalebone and ruffles. When one patient died, people whispered: "No wonder. They had a woman with gloves on deliver the baby." But Dr. Victoria Reid, one of the founders, made a

prophetic statement. Said she: "You'll live to see the day when we have a great towering hospital." The present 10-story, 140-bed, 60-cot, \$700,000 building was opened on Christmas Eve, 1935.

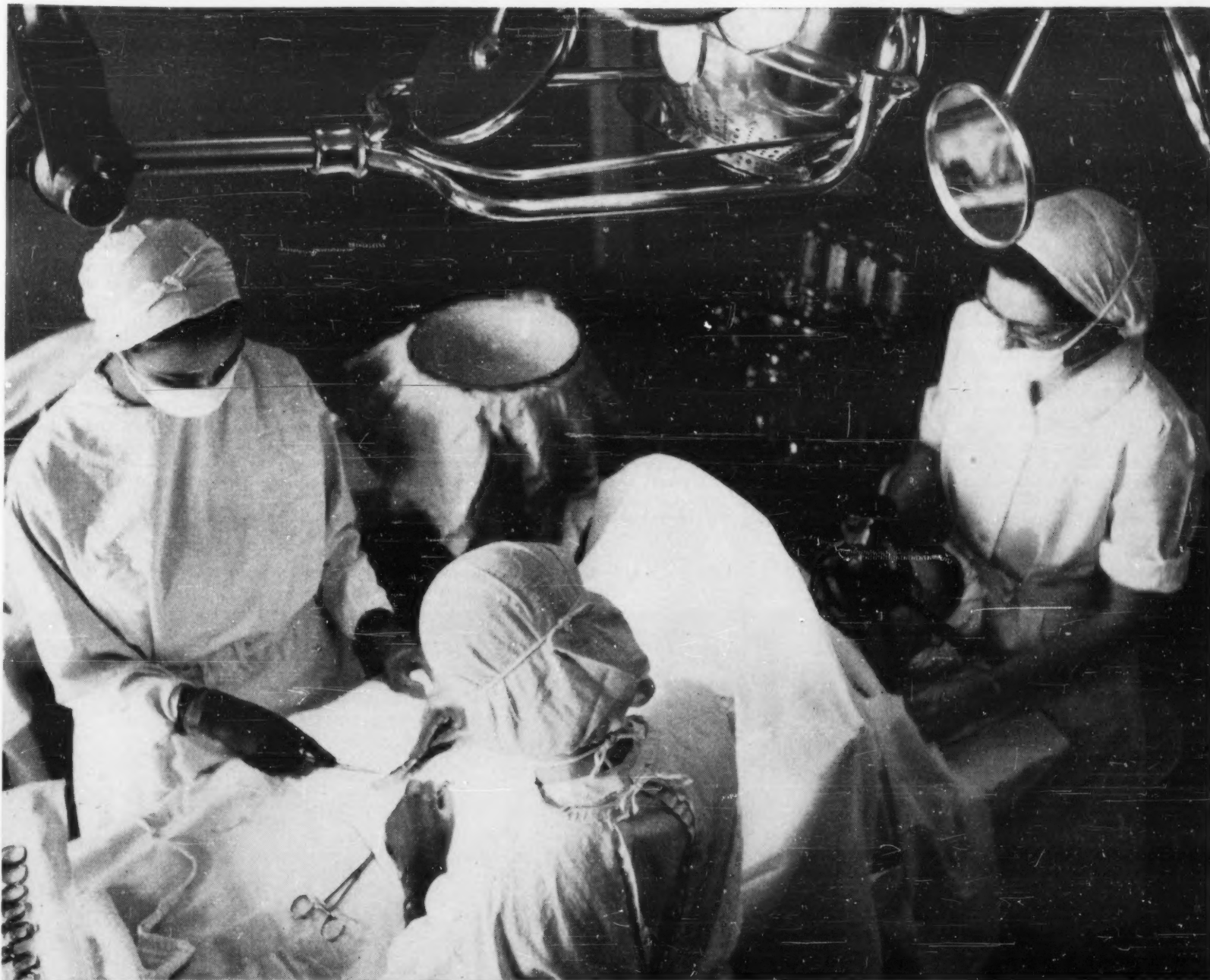
In the pioneering days at Seaton Street, the women refused maternity cases. Then one day a visitor had a child on the spot. When Superintendent Clara Dixon appeared at the top of the stairs the astonished husband fled. Now more than 2,000 husbands pace the halls every year and can butt their cigarettes at the same visitors' bench where the original labor began. One third of the patients are maternity cases.

The hospital now performs more than 2,000 operations and ministers to almost 6,000 patients annually, has no regular endowment and, like most hospitals, is overcrowded. It needs a new wing and if anybody donates the money he can have it named after himself. The hospital once got a cheque for \$5,000 from a man who thought his wife might like to donate also. He found, to his astonishment, that she'd have nothing to do with women doctors.

Many Torontonians regard the hospital as a cross between a nunnery and the YWCA. It's nothing of the sort. The hospital accepts male patients (they're in the minority) and 46 male doctors send patients to it. Male specialists are occasionally called in as consultants. The men doctors even get the concession of their own dressing room—though the one in the obstetrical ward has an emergency delivery table crowded into it. Male doctors can attend patients in private and semi-private wards, but the 90-bed public ward—backbone of the hospital—is woman's domain. The patients seem to like it. One who recently had a baby there was particularly cheered: the doctor who visited her was wearing a pink dress and a completely feminine pink ribbon in her hair. ★

Doctors scrub up before operation. Many are married.



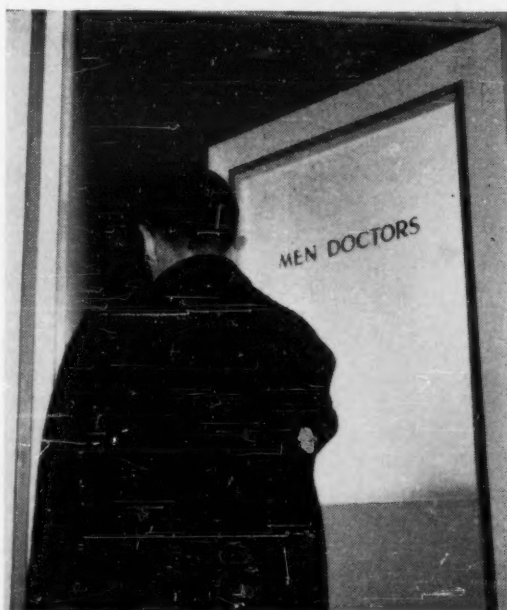


This operation is an all-woman affair. Hospital is only one in Canada where women can be sure of getting clinical experience.

Males are tolerated within limits. Group of businessmen equipped kitchens in memory of their mothers.

Nurses are pretty. When they marry, doctors manage careers by spacing offspring. One keeps bees, too.

Mother gives up baby's identity tag as she leaves. Big maternity ward makes hospital cheery place to work.



Shark!

By LESLIE F. HANNON

Some man-eaters can take a human at one bite. Others require two. A punch in the nose may deter them

IT'S SUMMER now along the great beaches of eastern Australia and hundreds of thousands of surfers get into the Pacific at every opportunity. The sharks are waiting out there, just beyond the breaker line. Every year the metropolitan newspapers of Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane carry the screaming headline, "Shark Tragedy." Australians read the horrible details, then gaily dash down the beach for another plunge.

Throughout the South Pacific the man-eating shark is a deadly menace to ocean bathers. These monster fish, however, don't always stay in warm southern seas. Attacks on humans in North American waters are rare, but tragedies in the Gulf of California and on the Massachusetts coast are near enough to Canada to be taken as warnings.

The shark danger is generally accepted by the Australian surfer with a shrug of the shoulder.

"Thousands surf every week end," he says. "It's just stiff luck if your number comes up." The Australian Government takes a less casual view. Its shark fishermen—the equivalent of our predator hunters—set mesh nets off the beaches during the summer months. Some of the most popular beaches have permanent nets strung on cables, all have shark observation towers equipped with alarm bells, and ambulance men stand by to rush mangled victims to hospital.

It will come as a surprise to most Canadians that their coastal waters—particularly the western—abound with sharks. At least 10 species have been recorded and all these are fished commercially, mainly for the valuable oil extracted from their

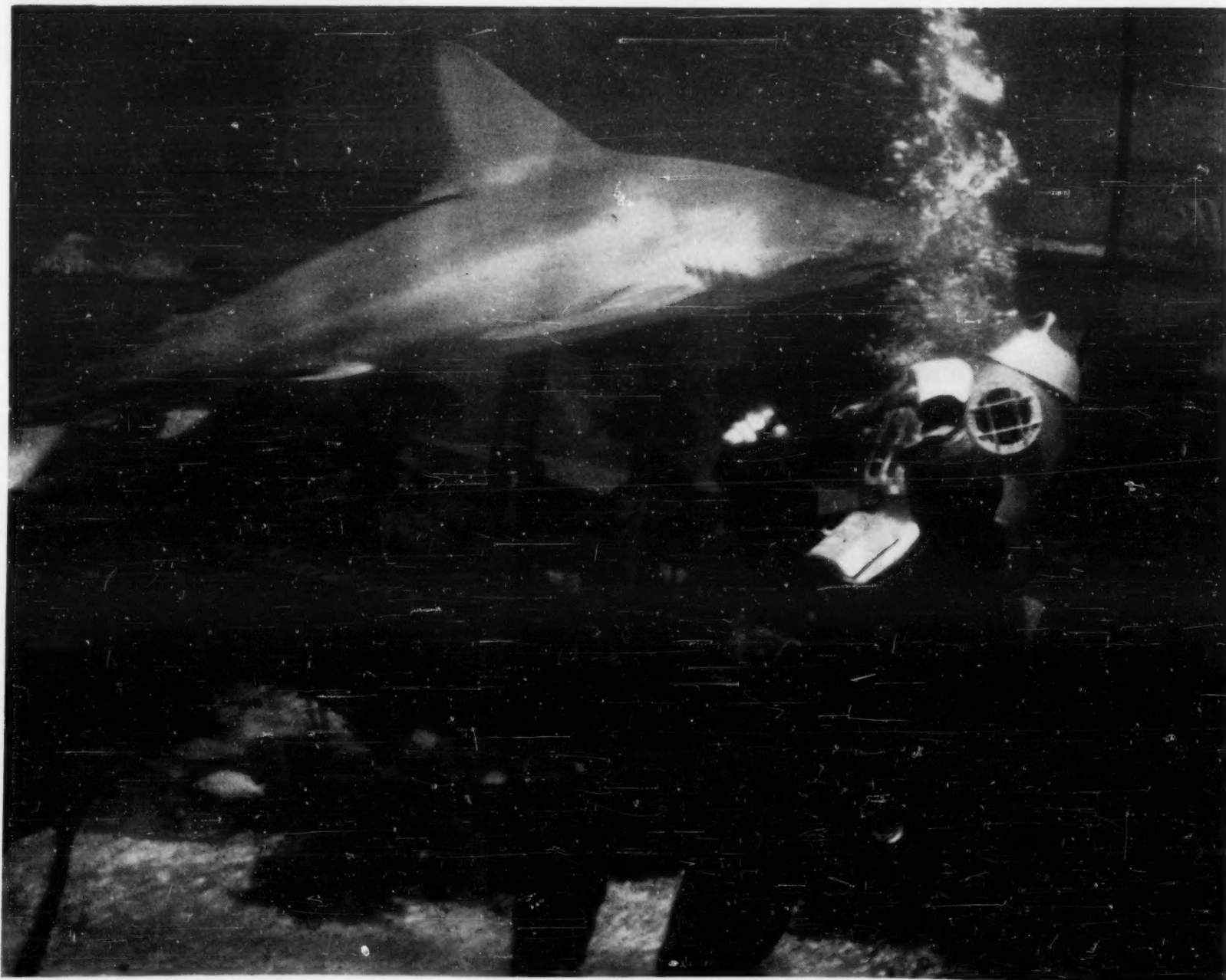
livers. None of these sharks have been known to attack man, but the fishermen treat their catches with respect.

Sharks are a puzzle, even to the fish experts (ichthyologists, if you like) at the University of Toronto and the Royal Ontario Museum. They range from the fearsome great white shark which grows to a length of 40 feet and can swallow a horse, to the five-foot dogfish. Some bring forth their young alive; others lay eggs. Some eat anything that looks like food. Others browse off the microscopic plankton, the minute organisms which drift in all seas. Indications are that sharks are prolific breeders. A 13-foot tiger shark caught off the New South Wales

Continued on page 32

A diver in a salt-water aquarium looses a stream of bubbles to rout an inquisitive shark.

MARINE STUDIOS





RICE & BELL

Jalna spells Canada wherever novels are read.



Miss De la Roche loves gardens, dogs and privacy.

MAZO OF JALNA

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

TWENTY-TWO years ago this spring, a quiet, rather timid Toronto girl created a fiction family whom she named the Whiteoaks. For habitation she gave its lusty, fractious members a red brick mansion called Jalna, locating it vaguely in the Southern Ontario farm country. The Whiteoaks of Jalna are familiar to fiction readers everywhere now, and Mazo de la Roche has traced their loves and deaths, quarrels and peregrinations, through eleven novels.

The Whiteoaks—notably a handsome redhead called Renny and an iron-willed matriarch known to her family as “Gran”—have done very well by their creator since “Jalna” brought Miss De la Roche renown overnight by winning the \$10,000 Atlantic Fiction Prize in 1927.

They’ve earned her an estimated half million dollars in royalties, movie rights and fees.

They’ve won her millions of readers in 15 languages, high praise from English and American reviewers, and even a shadowy recognition in her native Canada. Toronto, her present home and the city of her birth, once gave her a silver tea service, although she has never won the nation’s

official badge of literary merit, the Governor-General’s award.

But the fabulously reserved Miss De la Roche probably doesn’t mind that. She’d rather not be talked about anyway. Accompanied by her domineering poodle, Christopher, she can walk down the tree-lined streets of Toronto’s swank Forest Hill Village with no fear of being recognized. Although she never misses a good play, she’s seldom seen in stores or restaurants or at concerts. Her telephone number is privately listed, her circle of acquaintances much smaller, by choice, than her wit, personality and success would warrant.

Miss De la Roche’s publishers dare not insist on autographing parties or public appearances. She will put off meeting a stranger or attending a party at the last moment, as though her resolution to emerge was unequal to the test. One Canadian magazine once got a photographic layout of the Ontario country place where she lived for two years

after returning from England in 1939, but no interview. She likes the right of veto on what is written about her, once commended a book jacket because it lacked “those intimacies which make you wince.”

By guesswork and deduction, her age can be placed in the middle 50’s. Tall and slender, she walks with a swaying motion which suggests that a strong wind could whisk her away. She falls naturally into graceful poses, her long narrow hands shaping words as she talks. Though her manner is elegantly vague, her brown eyes, large in a long, thin face, are direct and aware. A conversation, however meandering, never gets out of her control. She directs it, at first gently sidetracking it if she doesn’t like its trend, or abruptly terminating it if her hints are disregarded.

She was recently asked by the publicity department of Little, Brown, her American publishers, “Is there something

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The lives and loves of the Jalna Whiteoaks make table talk in 15 languages, but their Canadian creator remains a mystery woman

By J. N. HARRIS

BACK in depression days, which I recall without the faintest tremor of nostalgia, I met a youth who called himself Forbes Radford. I met him in a Toronto rooming house, not far from the hockey gardens. In meeting him, I became party to a felony, or a misdemeanor, I don't know which. Mrs. Marler, the landlady, was just showing me a second-floor bedroom and had left for a minute to get the electric light bulb, which she removed for reasons of economy whenever the room was vacant.

During this brief pause, Forbes swam into my ken.

"I say," he said, as he slipped into the room, "the chaps would appreciate it if you'd keep her talking here as long as possible."

Without another word, he slipped out again.

I haggled with Mrs. Marler over every possible detail and kept the good lady away from her housework longer than the rental of a room for two-fifty a week could possibly justify. Just as we were closing the deal, another stranger appeared in the doorway behind Mrs. Marler, holding out an upraised thumb to indicate that I had now detained Mrs. Marler long enough.

As soon as Mrs. Marler had waddled out, both

strangers reappeared, with a couple of others.

The reason I had been asked to delay Mrs. Marler, they explained, was that she had impounded a large, locked suitcase belonging to Forbes, for nonpayment of rent. The suitcase contained Forbes' iron, not permitted in rooms by decree of Mrs. Marler, and an electric plate, also forbidden. For the welfare of the community, it was necessary to break into Mrs. Marler's private quarters and salvage these things, as well as some of Mr. Radford's most beloved garments, making up the loss of weight with suitable ballast.

Forbes had a wardrobe that would have done credit to a man of distinction. His clothes were conservative and of the finest quality. He spent a great deal of time pressing them, folding them, and generally taking care of them. He usually took part of his wage, when he was in work, in garments at wholesale price or less and he occasionally got a new suit, tailored to measure, by serving as a mannequin at a male fashion show.

Soon after my arrival at Mrs. Marler's, I had occasion to rent a tuxedo to wear to a dance. On my way downstairs, I told Forbes I was going out to rent a tux.

A look of real pain flitted over his face.

"Old man," he said, "not for the world would I hurt your feelings, but 'tux' and 'tuxedo' are provincialisms of the most barbarous sort. I shall be happy to lend you my dinner jacket, so you can save two bucks."

Two bucks was two bucks. I accepted with pleasure, but I made another mistake in trying to put on a made-up bow tie, the only evening garment I owned.

"Only the veriest boulder would wear a made-up

bow," Forbes told me severely. Meekly I let him tie a proper black bow about my throat and held my peace.

DURING the long winter months I got to know Forbes fairly well and was fascinated by the puzzle of piecing his background together.

He was fastidious and correct in all things and was filled with a lot of odd prejudices. He seemed to know all about wines and clothes and the proper way to address the Governor-General. Much of this, I gathered, he had inherited from his father.

"My governor has never dressed for dinner in Canada," he once told me. "He says, 'when in Rome . . .'"

His governor, it appeared, was conservative, opposed to all swank, side and ostentation and a stickler for just about anything you can be a stickler for.

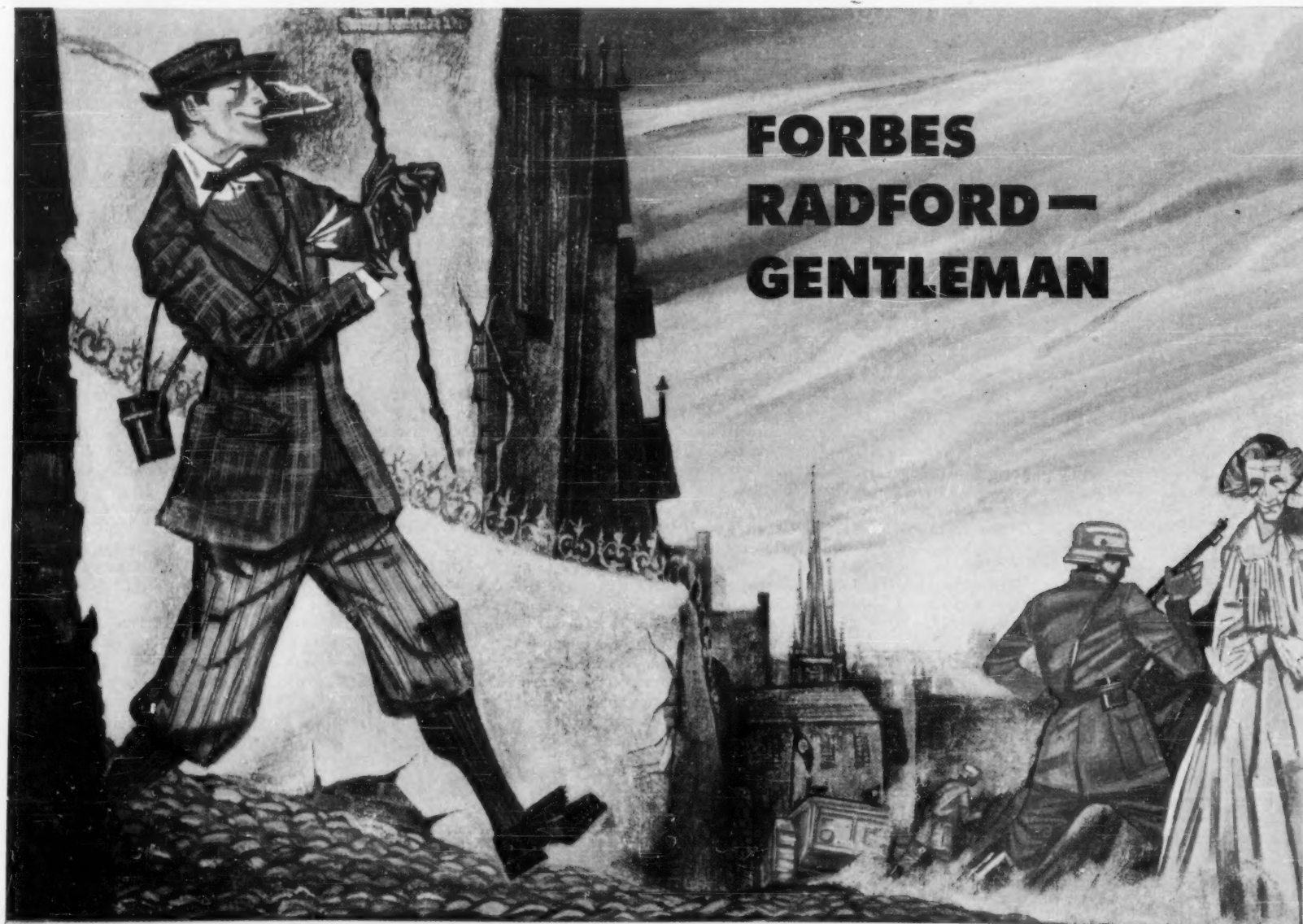
"In Canada," Forbes informed me, "my governor has always been known as plain Joseph Radford. He wants it that way."

Quite, I thought. My thoughts, unconsciously, were full of "quites" and "rathers" and other Forbesian expressions. Of course Radford's governor, after he'd lost his fortune, would want to live quietly and drop his titles. Simple pride would demand it.

ONE evening, when I was getting into my best blue suit, to attend, on a free ticket, the Bastion Road Church Businessmen's Monthly Get-Together (any free meal looked good), I saw Forbes across the hall getting into his tux—beg pardon, his dinner jacket.

He caught my eye and I raised my brows inter-

Nonchalantly he strode into the square.



rogatively, a trick I had picked up from him.

"A musical evening," he replied. "Meeting some men who would like to hear a little music."

This intrigued me and I forgot about the Businessmen.

"Hey, I'd like to hear some music, too," I said naively.

"My dear chap," he said in a kindly way I didn't like, "the sort of music we'll have tonight would mean nothing to you whatever."

I was wounded, and extremely annoyed at having walked straight into that, so when I found myself leaving the house with Forbes I didn't speak. Even when we both boarded the northbound Yonge streetcar, I didn't speak. When we both transferred to the westbound Bloor car, a fleeting suspicion entered my mind, which I then dismissed, but after we passed Keele Street, the suspicion returned stronger than ever. I resolved to test it.

I drew the complimentary Get-Together ticket from my pocket and pretended to examine it carefully, all the while watching Forbes out of the corner of my eye. It took a little while, but at last I saw that it had hit him.

"I see we are attending the same function," he said, with all the dignity he could manage at short notice.

Then he started to laugh. I believe it was the only sign he ever gave that there was any humor in his makeup.

Forbes and I were, indeed, attending the same function. He was furthermore hired, for two dollars plus a meal of ham and peas and scalloped potatoes, to play the piano for the singsong that filled the period between the meal and the speech, in which a hardware merchant was to coin a valuable phrase about every red-blooded Canadian putting his shoulder to the wheel. In addition, he was to play a solo ("Humoresque") and an encore ("The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers").

We walked home together, to save carfare, but in all the five miles we never mentioned the Businessmen's Get-Together.

BY FAR the quietest man in the lodging house was the railway office worker, a husky young fellow called Ken. I don't think we exchanged more than a score of words all winter. He didn't seem unfriendly and he joined in all the Catawba parties, but he seemed to be busy most of the time, either studying company law or attending drills at the Spadina Armories.

When the pharmacy students were too noisy he sometimes went in and told them they could learn to make chocolate malted milk shakes without so much row, and when any of the residents started to get tough with Forbes, or guy him too much about his mannerisms, he would say, "Okay, now lay off him, you guys."

Otherwise, he minded his own business. I know

that once he helped Forbes with his rent, because I could hear Forbes saying, "I'm most frightfully grateful, old chap," and Ken telling him to forget it and shut up.

ON A day in early spring, the police came for Forbes. Two plain-clothes men called at the house and stood unflinching in the hall while Mrs. Marler kept insisting, shrilly, that Mr. Radford wasn't home. Ken heard the row and came down.

"What's he done?" Ken demanded curtly.

The plain-clothes men exchanged a glance.

"He's forged a cheque, that's what he's done," one of them said.

"Okay, I'll find him," Ken told him.

I followed Ken down the cellar and there we found Forbes, huddled behind the furnace. His face was tear-stained. He told us he was sorry and he hadn't meant to do it.

It came out in court that Forbes, under the influence of early spring, had forged and uttered a cheque, payable to himself, over the signature of a well-known tycoon. His immaculate dress, his disarmingly offhand manner and the fact that he wanted to open a savings account with half the amount, had deluded the assistant manager of a branch bank into initialing the cheque with only a routine enquiry.

Forbes told the banker

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**Look at this strange man, tin hero, counterfeit nobleman.
Consider him with compassion, for he is, above all — human**

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD TOWN





W. B. EDWARDS

Bas-relief in basswood: Jean Julien Bourgault's mural of a Quebec town meeting.

THEY'RE IN THE CHIPS

Want an inch-long miniature or a twelve-foot statue? The artists of St. Jean Port Joli, who carve for Vatican and frontier cabin, will execute it in wood

André and Yvonne Bourgault instruct a group of pupils in an ancient art.

W. B. EDWARDS



By FRANK HAMILTON

THE United States senator on tour hadn't intended to stop in St. Jean Port Joli, but someone told him the tiny old town on the south shore of the St. Lawrence held North America's finest wood carvers, and the senator used to be a whiz with a jackknife himself. His eyes widened as he looked down at the exquisite bust of "Christ Suffering" upon which Médard Bourgault worked. No tourist trinket this, but a work of art.

"I'll take it," said the senator.

Tall, greying Médard Bourgault selected another of the 140 specialized chisels which St. Jean Port

Under Jean Julien's chisel, a gran'mère emerges.

W. B. EDWARDS





Médard Bourgault sketches a Bible scene before carving. One client waited three years, two days.

Joli's blacksmith forges for the wood carvers of the town. It was his brother and partner, Jean Julien Bourgault, who answered.

"That head is for a little church of Nova Scotia," he said. "It is necessary that one order some months in advance, monsieur."

The senator snorted. He was an important man, he wasn't used to being put off this way. "Non-sense! He can always carve another for the church." Acting on the theory that money talks, he reached for his wallet. "I'm in a hurry. How much does he want for it?"

"The price is \$100." A master carver in his own right, Jean Julien can be a droll fellow when he wishes. Now, though, he spoke with dignity. "But it is not for sale."

"I'll give you \$300 for it."

"It is still not for sale."

"All right, \$400. That's my final offer." The senator extended the bills.

Apparently Jean Julien didn't see them. "And this," he said, "is our final refusal."

"But! But—" The senator began to sputter. "I want that carving! I'll pay—"

Médard, who once carved a "Christ Suffering" for the Holy Father himself, laid down his chisel. He turned to face the would-be buyer. The glacial glint in his blue eyes—that and something in his soft and mellow voice—brought the senator to an abrupt halt.

"Today is July 10," Médard said. "If you wish a carving similar to this, come back and see me on July 12."

Two days wasn't long to wait, not for a masterpiece. But the senator's grin froze as Médard added calmly, "On July 12 three years from now."

Julien, courtesy itself, escorted their deflated visitor to the studio door. "Come around three in the afternoon," Médard called as he removed another minute shaving from the figure that would bring beauty to a lost little church of the Maritimes.

The incident is typical of the brothers Bourgault, and of the town in which they and their fellow carvers shape the wood of native trees into religious and secular masterpieces. Time matters little in St. Jean Port Joli. The Catholic town wears its 327 years lightly, dreaming in the gateway of Gaspé, 59 miles east of Quebec City. Its two small factories spasmodically turn out stoves and furniture. It has five hotels, no theatre, but a church built in 1779. In it, for all the generations of its three centuries, artists have worked in wood.

The Bourgault's carvings range in size from inch-long miniatures to

Continued on page 37



Paul Emile Caron works on a figure while daughter Jocelyn watches.

One of the late President Roosevelt's treasures was a black-hulled sailing ship from the studio of Eugene Leclerc.



SPORTY CLOTHIER

PHOTOS BY PANDA

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE lady fiction writers would have a great time with Gerhard William Kennedy. Every time they sat down to describe a successful young sports-clothes designer as a rich, sophisticated, darkly handsome sportsman, an excellent shot, capable flier, expert golfer, they could just turn to Kennedy and they would be right on all counts. If they threw in a black Cadillac convertible they would be testing the endurance of any editor but, incredibly, they'd be right again.

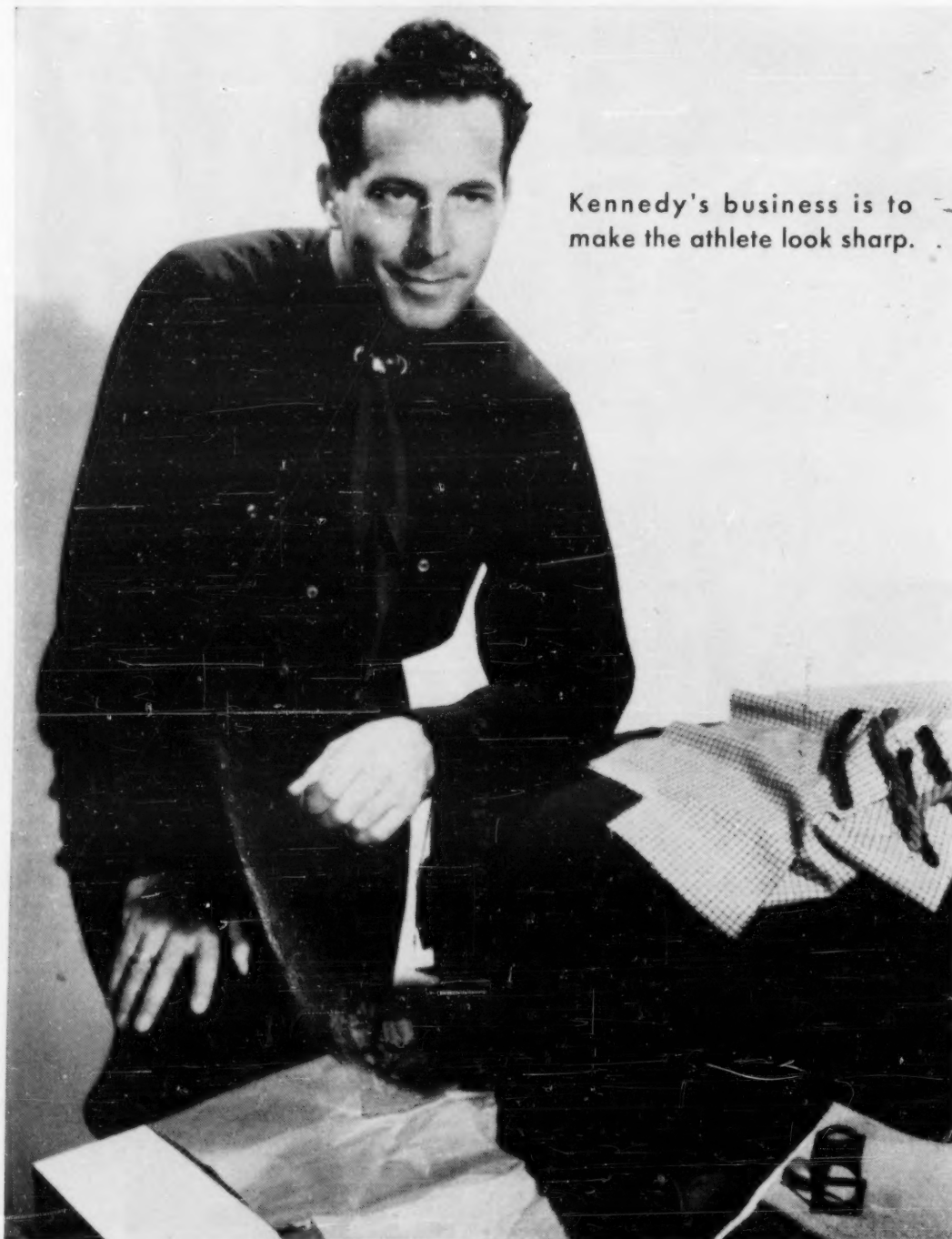
Kennedy designs and manufactures sports shirts, slacks and ski clothes for men and women, that combine such appealing qualities as durability,

flattering fit, eye-filling colors, attractive cut and, a point to be considered, moderate cost. The material in the garment, as well as its color and cut, is originated by Kennedy, a factor that is relatively rare in Canada where most manufacturers select from finished fabrics.

He is president of the Northern Shirt Co. in Winnipeg, founded by his late father who for 40 years turned out the kind of work shirts and overalls that no farmer or working man could afford to be without. Today the company still turns out the earthy staples but, in addition, it owes half of its annual million-dollar production to Gerhard Kennedy's sports lines, a division of the company he originated and developed entirely.

Kennedy's work is admired by people who can't

Kennedy's business is to make the athlete look sharp.



afford to be wrong. The sports-clothes buyer for Canada's largest departmental store chain, who insists upon anonymity, a woman who has been traveling around the world since 1928 buying the kind of merchandise that keeps her sales graphs climbing, says: "Gerhard Kennedy does a great job of matching and blending fabrics. He goes right into the textile mills to work them out and have them made up. He skis and plays golf himself so that he knows what functional purposes the garments must serve. Their cut is excellent, their styling expert. He is what I call 'high fashion.'"

Kennedy dresses the part of a high-fashion designer, too, and it is difficult to determine whether he might not be playing a role. Instead of a necktie he sometimes loops a small chiffon scarf around his neck and fastens the knot with a silver buffalo head the size of a half dollar. He'll wear this with a dark-blue gabardine shirt and a light-brown, finely checked suit. In Eastern Canada's blue-serge business circles this introduces a calculated startling western flavor that somehow is becoming. Perhaps this is because Kennedy, at 36, has the poise and demeanor generally associated with success or because, on him, his unusual combinations of clothes seem less ostentatious than colorful, albeit a little yeasty.

He rarely wears a hat and his black, curly hair generally needs to be trimmed.

The combination of his golf (he plays in the low 70's, won the Manitoba Open championship in 1943), his flying (he has about 500 hours, a good record for a private pilot) and his convertible (only hail and high water can get the top up) have produced a salubrious tan that most executives can match only with their desks. Kennedy, whose first name is pronounced as though it were spelled Jerrard, does not eschew the sociable drink, smokes an occasional cigarette and is virtually bereft of small talk. His conversation, during which he leans far forward and which he delivers with an intensive, almost staring, forcefulness, excludes virtually everything but textiles, fashions or an immediate business problem, either his own or the world's.

There is no arrogance or affectation about Kennedy. He recognizes that he still has much to learn about his business. He likes to say that he knew a good deal more about textiles before he got to know a lot about them. To explain this apparent paradox, Kennedy points out that the pilot who has just soloed feels flying is a cinch until his ability permits him to advance into fields he had never known existed. That's the position Kennedy feels he is in today; he has advanced so far in his own business that he is beginning to think he doesn't know very much about it.

"The field is so vast," he says, somewhat resignedly, "there are so many things you can do with fabrics that you realize every day you didn't know very much about it yesterday."

He presented an exhibition at the World Trade Fair in Toronto last summer, and after it was over he concluded that Canadians have a long way to go before they can impress world markets with their salesmanship, the presentation of their products and, in some cases, even their products. And yet he insists that the more shortcomings he recognized there, the more determined he became.

"What we need is to persist," he says. "Until now, the technical skill of the weaver, the dyer and the printer has been imported. But we're on the way. We're young enough to be educated and we're enthusiastic enough to learn well."

Why the New Look?

IT IS when Kennedy is asked what determines fashion, how a fad like the New Look can zip through women's heads over half the universe, that he reveals how profoundly he has studied his subject.

"Paris probably determines fashion," he says, "but only because the world looks to Paris for leadership, because Paris designers are thinking in terms of leadership and guidance. They try to interpret a mood and produce clothes to match it."



Father Kennedy made work shirts and overalls; his son's creations are strictly for play.

Take the era we're in now. During the war incomes rose and so did restrictions. The pace of life made people want a lot of things in a hurry that they couldn't get. With war's end they still wanted them because it was a prosperous mood; stocks were high and so, generally, were all incomes. The mood of the people was for easier, better, finer living. The rich wanted long, slinky convertibles, good wines in the cellar and a summer home. People generally had the money to do things in their leisure time and they wanted those things, because of the war's restrictions, to be good things, finer things. That type of philosophy makes you design something a little more old-fashioned because that's the type of thing people used to enjoy. Nostalgically they associated good things with old things. They wanted streamlined things in their boats and cars but they wanted the story books in their living. Well, short dresses, for example, just don't go with that sort of thing. They have to be longer, slinkier, more representative of the mood.

Hence, the New Look, which, actually, is the oldest look that modern people know.

"Similarly in sports clothes. People don't want a sports jacket simply because it's a sports jacket. It must be functional. It must do things that the clothes, because of restrictions, didn't do during the war. You want a shirt for sailing, say; you want a navy-blue ground with a closed front, a white collar and short sleeves. You don't want to roll up your sleeves and you don't want an old sports shirt. Well, who interprets that? It's not my business to tell you what to wear; it's my business to figure what you'll want. I cater to a group that knows and understands sports, not necessarily a high- and not necessarily a low-income group, just people who know what they want for traveling, golf, tennis or lounging. But they must be smart clothes, too; it isn't enough that they be functional. So I try to give clothes the cut or the twist that will make people feel they are smart clothes. I look for the fabrics that will make up into smart materials; I

look for colors and color combinations that will be smart."

Retailers admire the job he has done. Hye Lewis of Alton-Lewis, a smart, pine-paneled women's sportswear shop in Toronto, calls Kennedy's presentations "most exciting." "He excels in originality of ideas," expounds Lewis, "particularly in ski clothes. And he not only sells you, he ties up his garments with your promotion and advertising. Most houses show you their merchandise and let it go at that; with Kennedy you also get a smart advertising campaign, clever promotion and every detail of a sales campaign."

Kennedy, incidentally, works out his own advertising presentations; he does not, like most industries do, hire an advertising agency for his ads and promotion ideas.

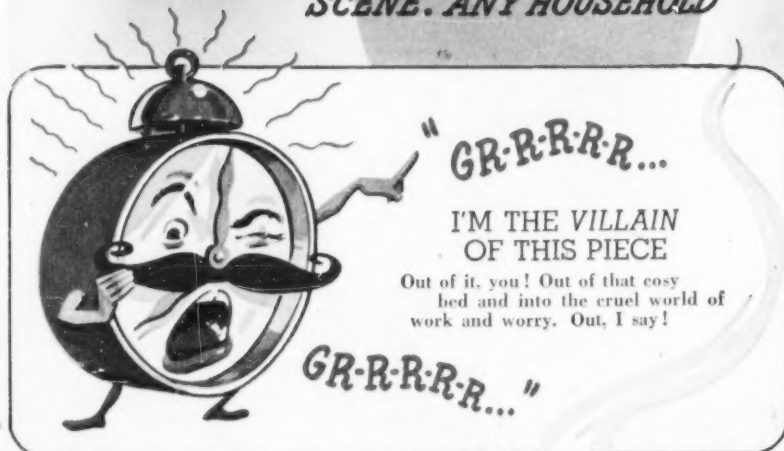
He travels widely, covering Canada at least twice a year and visiting the United States frequently. He is interested in people, listens to their commendations and condemnations of their clothes. He sifts and weighs their desires. He knows the people engaged in the fabricating business, the researchers who can keep him in touch with new fabric developments. When he runs into a fabric with the qualities he seeks—wind resistance, appealing color, attractive finish—he immediately pigeonholes it as ideal for a specific purpose, perhaps for ski slacks or a different type of sports shirt.

Trips to the United *Continued on next page*

Style-setter for the slack and plus-four set is Gerhard Kennedy. His dreams of today will adorn the ski hills and golf links of tomorrow

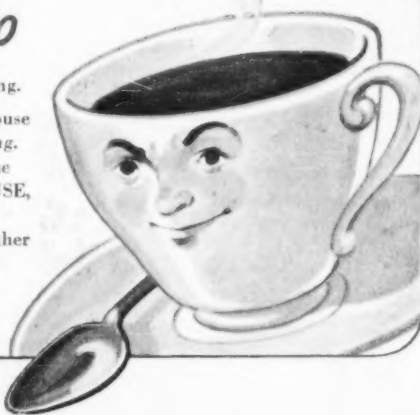
Morning Mellow-drama

SCENE: ANY HOUSEHOLD



"AND I'M THE HERO

I'm the silent type. I say nothing. My presence steals through the house — fragrant — inviting — compelling. Not just a smell of coffee but the enticing aroma of MAXWELL HOUSE, the coffee that is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world at any price!



You hurry down—

You sip . . . drink deep. Mm-m-m! How delicious. How heartening. What glorious flavor. Extra rich because Maxwell House contains choice Latin-American coffees. Extra smooth because it's bleended by men who are masters of their craft. Extra full-bodied because Radiant Roasting develops every atom of its extra goodness.

You're all set — raring to go. Virtue triumphs. Maxwell House always starts off the day right.



IT'S true economy to make Maxwell House your regular coffee. It costs only a fraction of a cent more per cup than the lowest-priced coffees sold. It gives you so much more for so little more.

Ask your grocer for "Maxwell House" today.

Maxwell House Coffee

SUPER-VACUUM
TIN
Drip & Regular
Grinds



GLASSINE-LINED
BAG
All Purpose
Grind



A Product of General Foods

MH-39M

Sporty Clothier

Continued from preceding page

States furnish more ideas than trips anywhere, but trips to the United Kingdom keep him sane, he says. "Americans are better equipped than anyone in anything," he points out. "Their armies had everything, their houses have more gadgets. So they're conscious of the things they want. For instance, I've hunted and fished with Americans whose fish jackets have a pocket within a pocket for a pair of little scissors. So Americans provide more practical ideas for functional clothing than anyone. But continental people, or British people, have a deeper background of good living. They're more sophisticated in what they want and what they wear. So I try to make my clothes practical like they are in the States and, at the same time, give them the look or the cut of continental sports clothes."

A designer works six months ahead; Kennedy today is beginning to think about next fall's lines because, between now and then, he must talk over projected patterns with his chief designer in Winnipeg, plan colors, cut, style, fabric. The materials, if it is not already piled in great bales in the basement of the four-story, square, brick building in which the Northern Shirt Company's 300 employees turn out the finished garments, must be ordered, probably from eastern fabricators with whom Kennedy worked out details last summer. The finished product must be packed and distributed to retailers across the country by midsummer so that it is on the market about the time that most buyers come swelteringly home from summer vacations. From all of Kennedy's travels and his conversations with hundreds of people will come the conclusions regarding what he thinks the public will want in its sports clothes next fall. By the time people are wearing them, Kennedy will be endeavoring to give them what they'll want in the spring of 1950.

As an example of a designer's endeavors to take the public pulse at long range, Kennedy points to the fairly substantial number of male golfers who festooned themselves in plus fours, or knickers, last summer. Knickers hadn't been worn for a couple of decades except by the occasional old pro and they probably wouldn't be now had not Bobby Locke, a South African links wizard, toured the United States tournament circuit in 1947 with a success unparalleled by any foreigner. He won around \$25,000 in prize money and he wore billowing, smartly tailored knickers. His success attracted thousands of spectators and miles of headlines. People came to watch his golf and rarely failed to comment on his knickers. Golf writers talked about his knickers and his birdies in the same paragraph.

Golf In Long Skirts

"A far-seeing designer figured there'd be people among the thousands who watched Locke who'd buy a pair of knickers if they saw them at their haberdasher's," surmises Kennedy. "He was interpreting a mood; he figured—and, as it turned out, rightly—that knickers, like long dresses, had been out of style so long that they were a distinct novelty. He drew up a design, not of the old, form-fitting 'plus twos' but of well-cut, comfortable, functional plus fours. He was dead right. Fully a third of the tournament pros wear knickers now and the public is buying more of them every day."

Sometimes the designer guesses

wrong. Thinking along the same lines as the man who turned Locke's trappings into a fad, another designer came up with a woman's golf skirt that out-New Looked the New Look. It barely cleared the tops of unreplaced divots. An accessory was a floppy, wide-brimmed hat. The combination did not catch on, although one woman showed up at the Ontario Ladies' Championship in it.

Kennedy explains: "The New Look is impractical in sports; garments must be functional. Regardless of how beautiful or how costly a pair of ladies' shoes might be, they'd look out-of-place at a toboggan party."

The Open That Closed

Kennedy guessed wrong once, himself, in endeavoring to fathom the public fancy in advance, although his prescience did not go entirely unrewarded. This was in the summer of 1946 and had nothing directly to do with his clothes. He staged, by way of advertising his product, the first of what was to be a series of annual professional golf tournaments for the Gerhard Kennedy trophy. The event was held in August and it attracted Ben Hogan, the current United States Open champion; Sam Snead, one of the American circuit's most colorful golfers; and a score or more of other name pros, as well as most of Canada's top professionals and amateurs. Hogan had planned to play in the St. Paul Open a week prior to Kennedy's tournament, skip the Winnipeg clambake in favor of a rest prior to the United States national PGA match play competition at Portland, Ore., the following week. Kennedy induced Hogan to bypass the St. Paul Open instead and as bait he offered Ben and his wife a week's holiday, all expenses paid, at a swank resort in the Lake of the Woods, 150 miles east of Winnipeg. Hogan said a rapid farewell to the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce and clasped Kennedy firmly to his bosom before he could get away.

Where Kennedy lost out was with the Winnipeg public which, discouraged by leaden skies, stayed away from the golf course in staggering numbers. Kennedy lost \$11,000 on the deal because he personally had underwritten prize money of \$10,000 as well as all tournament expenses, but he figured he got \$20,000 worth of publicity for Gerhard Kennedy's label out of it. His father, then alive and president of the firm, didn't exactly agree with him and, while it was announced in 1947 that the second annual Gerhard Kennedy Open Golf tournament had been canceled because the St. Charles Golf and Country Club's board of directors had voted against permitting the pros to scar their blue-blooded turf, it was held likely that Kennedy, Senior, had said "NO!" in quotes, capital letters and with an exclamation mark.

The senior Kennedy established the Northern Shirt Co. in Winnipeg in 1905, had been in business seven years when Gerhard William was born Feb. 1, 1912, and was an established, successful manufacturer of utilitarian work clothes by the time his son was spending the summers of his teens at the family summer home in the Lake of the Woods district, 150 miles east of Winnipeg. Here Gerhard met people from border states in the U. S. and the acquaintanceships prompted him to attend the University of Wisconsin.

There was no doubt that he would go into his father's business, although the elder Kennedy often became perplexed when Gerhard would plague the plant's workmen to make him up shirts and slacks out of materials and patterns of his own design the like of which

they had never seen. These he carted to Wisconsin and they turned out to be even more sensational in the ivy league than a coon coat. Classmates offered money that folded for his gear and Kennedy proved a student who would give them the shirt off his back—for a price. Every time he visited his parents in Winnipeg Gerhard loaded up his steamer trunk with clothes, and during his first year at Wisconsin he picked up \$1,000 selling them.

Inventor in Clothing

When Kennedy graduated his father placed him in charge of the junior department—a small line of kiddies' clothing—and he persuaded his parent to permit him to dabble in sports clothes as a sideline.

He devoted the next few years to a furious pursuit of knowledge of every phase of the textile industry and his skiing, golfing, hunting and riding were his source of ideas. He learned early that smartness could be attained through good plain tailoring rather than through lavish designs, and he combined this with a good fit and unusual fabrics in his garments.

An illustration of his inventiveness was produced two years ago, a ski jacket called a Parka Pack which could be rolled up and strapped across a skier's back, forming a neat roll. The jacket, with an attached hood, was lined in brilliant color and had a drawstring waistline. Here, then, was an item that was attractively cut, arrestingly colored and practical in three ways; the hood kept out the wind and snow around the neck, the drawstring waist kept out the wind and the whole shebang never became a nuisance, like many another jacket did, when the heavy labors of skiing induced the skier to remove it. Then, when the noble athletes had skied enough, they were able to unwrap the jacket, put it on and cool out without risking pneumonia.

It wasn't without opposition from his father that Kennedy's sports lines were incorporated into a business that had flourished for 40 years on the sound precept that it should supply a demand. "The fellow who made the warmest shirt got the hard-earned western dollar was the way my father looked at it," Kennedy recalls. "It was a sound philosophy and it built our business and I couldn't have got anywhere with my own ideas without it. But for sports clothes I always felt, and I still feel, that you've got to turn that theory upside down. I think you have to develop a demand and then go out and supply it."

Kennedy is invariably "long" on the market and frequently has thousands of dollars worth of designs being made up into materials for which there is, at the time, absolutely no market. As he has explained, he tries to deduce what people will want in their sports clothes when they walk into a shop to purchase same. What they find in there, bearing a Gerhard Kennedy label, is just the sort of thing they need. In other words, whereas his father's customers needed work shirts and he supplied them, Gerhard supplies the sports clothes that he feels people will buy when they see them. This he calls a visual market. One of his more noteworthy developments along this line was the utilization of a sharkskin cloth for men's and women's shirts. Thousands of people who didn't go into the shops to buy them, saw them, liked them and came away with them. And, of course, he developed a market for his ski ensembles by putting them in front of the public.

Just as he studied skiers and skiing to produce their togger, so did

Kennedy try to meet the golfers' desires. He created shirts and slacks that were smart, comfortable and practical on the golf course and, for lounging, boating or holidaying, he came up with the same kind of clothes for men who habitually climbed into baggy pants and old khaki shirts any time they were taking it easy. Kennedy's research with fabrics and the introduction of new ones were slowed by the war but he is into full stride again now at his old Winnipeg plant and shortly will be at a new plant now under construction.

It is conceivable that Kennedy, if he is so inclined, could develop into one of Canada's most colorful promoters. Despite his financial drubbing in his golf tournament he still feels the idea was sound. Primarily, he was interested in the advertising he'd get from references to Gerhard Kennedy Open in newspapers across the country, but he also was, and is, interested in the betterment of the Canadian Professional Golfers Association, under whose sanction the tournament was conducted. Kennedy's original idea was that all profits from the tourney would be turned over to the CPGA and he still proposes to do that trick—if he holds another tournament and if it makes money. He says right now that he'll hold another, probably next summer.

What he did at this tournament was employ girls, 100 of them, as marshals to patrol the course with 3,000 feet of rope and bamboo poles with which to control the galleries. This was a sharp break from tradition, which holds that club members, male and invariably testy, serve as marshals. With the imagination typical of him, Kennedy dressed the girls like a chorus line in black, knee-length, sharkskin slacks, called pedal pushers; yellow gabardine shirts with red buttons; and red belts. Costumes by Gerhard Kennedy, incredibly enough.

Shirtmaker to Bing

Kennedy also induced one of the big department stores to throw a luncheon for the wives of the visiting golfers, complete with corsages, and he paid the shot for two suites, one in each of Winnipeg's leading hotels, and the trimmings for a nightly soiree at which some of the world's greatest golfers demonstrated some of the world's greatest endurance as raconteurs, musicians, singers and gourmets.

The man's connection with the CPGA has brought him into contact with a celebrated golfer, who sings on the side, Bing Crosby, an honorary member of the CPGA who missed the Kennedy clambake because he was making a picture. He had earlier telephoned his acceptance of the invitation and Kennedy, not missing a trick, had acquired Bing's measurements and ran him up a few shirts in the Crosby tradition. The songbird, touring the golf course in a Kennedy shirt, probably wouldn't have hurt sales at all. When Crosby couldn't squeeze the tournament into his schedule Kennedy expressed him the shirts. Bing replied that he'd either don them at the next Kennedy production or wait for a wake.

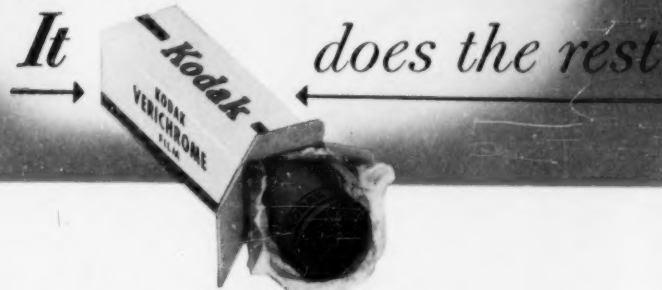
Gerhard is married to the former Agnes Wakeman of Duluth, Minn., and they have three children, Gerhard William, who is 11, Anthony Arnold, eight, and Barbara Glen, three. What hobbies he has are closely aligned with his work, which is with him always. Golf and hunting are the major diversions these days and both of them provide an excellent setting for his favorite food for talk—what'll they wear? ★

Kodak



Indoors

You press the button...

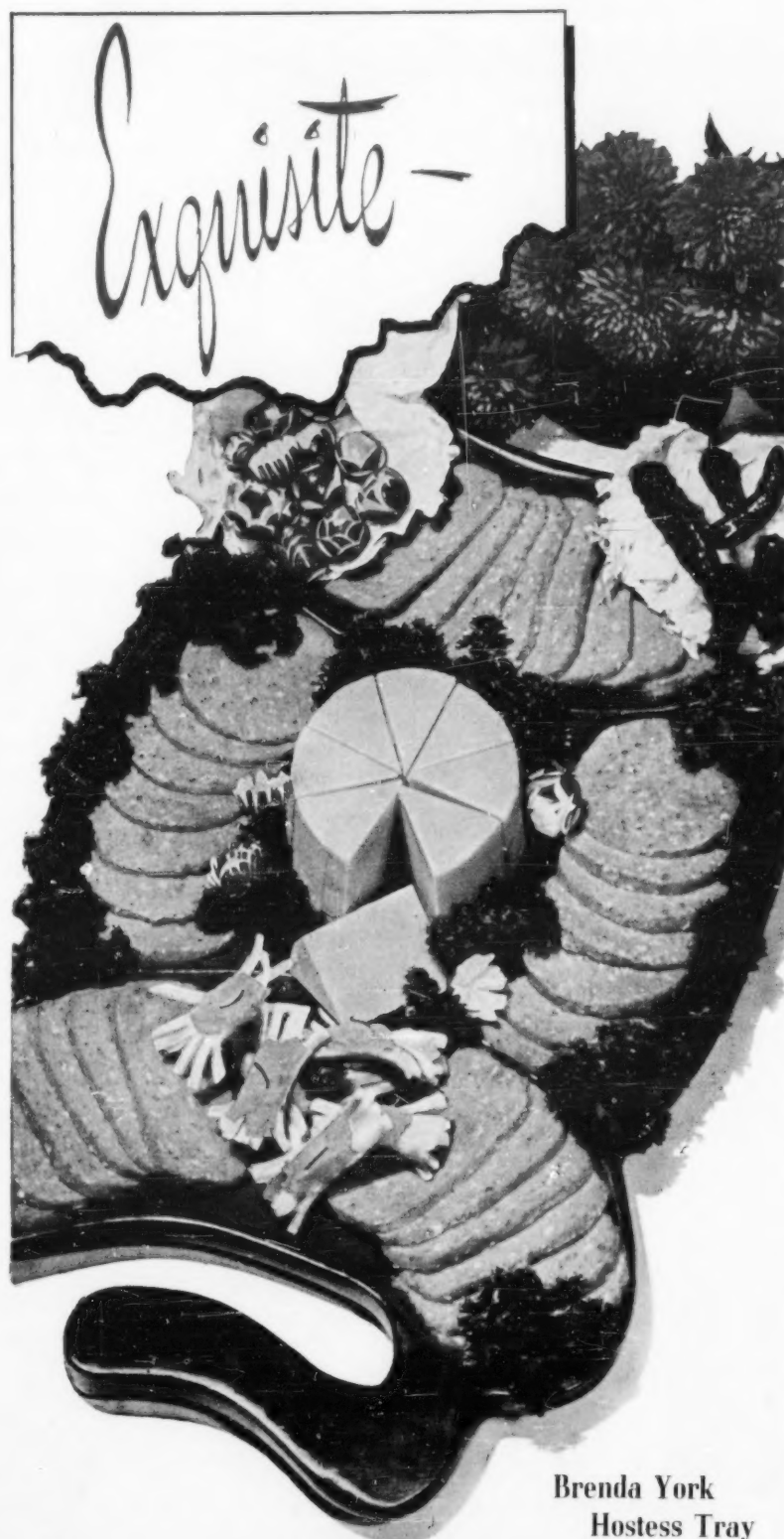


The tiny one, whose age until now has been measured in months, today becomes a gay, happy "one-year-old" . . . And how can they let this exciting milestone pass without snapshots?

Nowadays picture takers "shoot" indoors as casually, as unconcernedly as though they were snapping outdoors. Indoor snaps are simple, sure . . . with Kodak Film and a photo lamp or two. Ask your dealer for "how-to-do-it" suggestions. (And be sure to see the new Kodak Photo Flasher for flash shots with most any camera.) Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

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the film in the familiar yellow box*

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Brenda York
Hostess Tray

For unexpected guests or for well-planned entertainment, this Hostess Tray is just the thing. Two tins of "York" Bologna (one square, one round) make eight delicious and ample servings, take just a few minutes to fix, cost so little.

Directions for Preparing this Tray

Slice thinly one square and one round tin of "York" Bologna. Arrange the pink slices of meat around a yellow center of a one-pound "Maple Leaf" Cheese Roll, cut into wedges. Group radish roses, green gherkins and stuffed celery curls for contrasting colours. Garnish with fresh, green parsley.



YORK BOLOGNA

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Forbes Radford — Gentleman

Continued from page 21

that he had sold his summer place to the wealthy man and this was the down payment to close the deal. Forbes had even given his correct address.

With the money obtained he went on a buying spree, purchasing spring clothing that Solomon in all his glory wouldn't have sniffed at.

As soon as he could get his lick in, Ken gave the magistrate the relevant facts.

Forbes, he said, was really Alfred Radford. He came from Bannock, a small village, and Ken had gone to school with him there. He had always been a dreamy person and sometimes his dreams got a little out of hand. He had been in the Psychiatric Hospital twice for treatment. The name Forbes was itself part of the dream that Alfred was walking around in. He had found it in a book.

Forbes was remanded for examination by the alienist. Later Ken expressed surprise that I hadn't seen through the whole thing from the first.

"His mother asked me to keep an eye on him," he explained, "so I got him a room at Mrs. Marler's where I could. His old man is a drunken furnace installer and roofer who runs a little hardware store in Bannock. He never was in England in his life. All that stuff comes out of books. His mother was a schoolteacher and since she got married she's been teaching music. She taught me for a while. But she was always on to Alfie to be a gentleman, I guess because her husband disgraced her. They call him Dirty Joe."

I WAS transferred to another town a few days later, before the case was finally settled, and, although I meant to write and find out what happened, I kept putting it off until I forgot about it.

The next time I met Forbes was some years later, at the Dorchester Hotel in London, England. It was at a tea dance "for officers," given by Lady Viola Somebody, and Forbes walked in with an English Guards officer. He was wearing the uniform of a Captain in the Canadian Army and it would be hard to find a better turned-out officer in any army, including the Scandinavian.

"Old man!" he greeted me. "Really, I'm delighted."

In our few minutes of private conversation, he told me that at last he had found his proper profession. Many of his governor's people, he said, had been soldiers and he certainly intended to stay in the Permanent Force after the war.

To the Guards officer he expressed his regret at not having got over in peacetime for Hurlingham.

"Oh, do you play polo?" the guardsman beamed. "I say, what a shame we can't provide any! But really, you know, there's plenty of sport. I can give you a decent spot of shooting if you'll pop up to Scotland after the Twelfth."

Lady Viola considered Forbes a definite find. She found it her duty as a Christian noblewoman to entertain officers on active service, even "colonial" officers, but she could hardly conceal her feeling that colonial officers were not gentlemen.

Here, at last, was a Canadian officer, tailored to measure by Dornford Yates.

I tried to get Forbes' address, so I could look him up later, but he was a little evasive.

"We're on manoeuvres a lot," he

explained. "Let me know where your squadron is stationed and I'll make it a point to visit you. I've not seen an Air Force station."

I gave him the address, but he never wrote and he never came.

Instead, quite by accident, I found where he was stationed.

I had occasion to visit an old friend, who was with an infantry unit near Aldershot. On my way in to the adjutant's office in the Headquarters Building, I bumped into Forbes. He was wearing dungarees and was swishing a mop over the floor with a monumental lack of interest. From time to time he dipped the mop in a gingerly fashion into a bucket of dirty water.

I stood and stared, but when Forbes looked up and saw me he didn't bat an eye. He merely raised his finger in warning and beckoned me into the latrine.

"I can't talk here," he explained in the latrine. "A single word might give the show away. *Nobody must know that I'm an officer.* The War House sent me down to keep an eye on a certain friend of Herr Hitler's who has wangled his way into the Canadian Army. It would be funny if it weren't so serious, but the fellow is actually in command of the battalion! He doesn't know yet that we're on to him."

Promising discretion, I went on my way.

"What was 'Loopy' Radford talking to you about?" the adjutant asked me.

"Oh, he's an old friend from away back," I said. "What kind of a soldier does he make?"

"Well, now, that depends on what you mean by soldier. On the parade ground he's perfect, as he ought to be, because he spends a lot of his time there for one thing and another. Also, he's the best batman we have, except for his habit of borrowing your best tunic to go out to tea on Sunday. In other respects, he's a trifle clueless."

"What do you do about the uniform business?" I asked.

"We overlook it completely," he replied. "He behaves so well when he's out that he gives the regiment a good name. I'm always being asked by dowagers around here to bring that lovely Captain Radford over for dinner. They say he's so *gentlemanly*. We keep this a deep, dark secret from the Old Man, who, between you and me, is a Sherbrooke Street Englishman from Montreal. He is mystified by rumors that there is a really nice polite officer on the unit, but he hasn't yet connected them with Radford, who appears before him regularly."

I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised when, before lunch, I bumped into Ken in the mess. We exchanged hellos and then were a little stumped for a moment until I remarked, "You're still keeping an eye on the boy, I see."

He looked puzzled for a second, then said, "Yeah, sure."

"And, boy, he really needs some watching in the army," he added. "I got him into this outfit by telling the C.O. he'd make a good batman. It was a blow to Forbes, but I pointed out that he couldn't be an officer himself, which is what he wanted, because of his illness. At that time I had the idea that insanity was a bar to commissioned rank. As a matter of fact, although he doesn't know it, one colonel actually put him up for it and for the good of the army and for Forbes' sake I had to queer the deal."

My final glimpse of the mortal Forbes came as I left the army camp.

Defaulters were lined up at the guardhouse awaiting inspection by the orderly officer. Forbes could be identified among them at some distance by the smartness of his turnout. All his gear and accoutrements gleamed

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41 M



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Best Recipe Wins \$100.00

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO WRITES!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Got the after-Christmas "doldrums"? Longing for a trip "away from it all"? Me, too—but it's just not in the cards. So—how about planning a party with me? For the young in heart, there's no better month than February for gay doings. First, let's ring the calendar's "14th" with a red-crayoned heart. Next, we'll need a list of our most sentimental friends—they'll like receiving an invitation written in the centre of a lace-paper doily, the edges threaded with tiny bright-red ribbon. And now—the food! What about heart-shaped tomato jelly moulds; devilled eggs topped with cheese-and-mayonnaise rosettes; sandwiches galore: open-faced, rolled, ribboned—hot and cold. As a finale, let's have something fluffy, sweet and pink. Now who mentioned a trip to the sunny South? I'm going to stay home and have fun!

But first, we have important business: our November \$100.00 First Prize Winner! And lucky she is to have her recipe chosen from such a tremendous number of interesting and original ideas for serving "Maple Leaf" Cheese. My hat is off to all you good cooks—and you'll join me, I'm sure, in saying

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO

MISS MATILDA RYAN,

507 McKay Street, Pembroke, Ont.

for an exciting departure from the usual type of cookie. They're so versatile—good with soups, fruit or vegetable juices, as well as apple sauce or a baked apple dessert. My, how we all enjoyed

"MAPLE LEAF" CHEESE 'N' NUT CRISPS

1½ cups sifted flour	½ cup "Domestic" Shortening
1 teaspoon baking powder	2 tablespoons ice water
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup grated "Maple Leaf"
1 teaspoon paprika	Nippy Cheese
¼ teaspoon dry mustard	1 egg white
Dash of cayenne	Chopped nuts or desiccated coconut

Method: Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, paprika, mustard and cayenne. Cut in cold "Domestic" Shortening (using two table knives) until shortening pieces are the size of peas, with a few pieces larger. Sprinkle ice water gradually over the mixture, always adding it in a place which has not been moistened previously. Work pastry into a ball and roll out thinly, using a light, outward motion. Sprinkle with about ½ of the cheese and fold pastry in half. Roll out again, sprinkle with cheese, fold and repeat. Roll out ½" thick and cut with cookie cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Brush tops lightly with unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with chopped nuts or coconut. Bake at 425°F. for 12 minutes. Yield: 2 dozen 2" cookies.

THIS MONTH, ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE will be awarded for the best recipe or way of serving

"YORK" BOLOGNA

There's such an unlimited variety in the way you can use this wholesome, good-to-eat meat—which you can buy in either round or square-shaped tin—that I know every one of you has some special trick for serving it. Maybe it's a mouth-watering, hot-from-the-grill number; perhaps an extra-special sandwich; a tasty appetizer; a tempting cold-meat-and-salad platter combination—whatever your specialty using "York" Bologna, won't you write and tell me about it? Remember, there's a \$100.00 prize for the one the judges select as "best"!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for one 12 ounce can of "York" Bologna.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the first prize, but we promise only ONE voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, February 28th, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my May magazine column. It might be YOU, so be sure to watch for it!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2206 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

BREAD WINNER: Fruit bread, toasted, cut in fingers, and spread lightly with apricot conserve, is a tea-time item worth talking about.

PARTY LINE: A dime-store egg-timer hung on the wall near the 'phone is a handy reminder for extra-busy days—and expensive long-distance calls.

SANDWICHERY: Mix softened "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese with a bit of mayonnaise and sweet pickle relish. Spread between Boston Brown Bread slices and you've really got something!

CLEAN SLATE: A large-sized slate hung on the kitchen wall is indispensable for shopping items; instructions to the young fry; chore reminders for "the boss".

EYE-OPENER: If you would tickle the early bird, try replacing the usual cream with a tablespoon of lemon juice and a pinch of dry mustard for each two eggs to be scrambled.

PARTY-STARTER: Cut bread in fingers. Brush with mixture of 2 tablespoons melted butter and 1 beaten egg. Got it? Now roll in grated "Maple Leaf" Nippy Cheese and brown lightly under the broiler. Make lots!

Once again, it's time to say "Cheerio." I'll be looking for your ideas for serving "York" Bologna, so be sure to get your letter posted before midnight, February 28th, won't you? Meanwhile, good luck, all.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

and glistened above and beyond the call of army regulations.

The sergeant called his defaulters to attention as I came past and swung about to give me a terrifically military salute. While his back was turned, Forbes took the opportunity to wave to me and give me a Look which indicated that we both Understood.

I NEVER saw Forbes again and the war had been over a couple of years before I saw Ken. The fortunes of peace had thrown us both into Montreal, a large and wealthy city with two languages and no rapid-transit system. We were both employed at the head offices of large firms and were both faced with the difficulty of getting home at night on streetcars packed to the doors, trying to butt through streets jammed with automobiles, most of which kept their horns blowing with Gallic fervor right through the period of heavy traffic.

We both hit on the same sensible expedient, a popular one in downtown Montreal, which is to head for a tavern and there pass the time until the traffic situation is improved. The taverns, like the streetcars, are crowded, but they serve beer.

I found Ken in a tavern, seated with some of the men from his office. We exchanged greetings and one of his companions moved over and invited me to sit down. Ken was much stouter than before and his hair had thinned a lot. He was beginning to look middle-aged. He wore no sort of service button and even when others in the party were violently discussing some phase of the late war he showed no interest. The war, for him, was finished and done with. The fact that he had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel and had received the Distinguished Service Order for service in it would never be mentioned by Ken, of that I felt sure.

The others had all drifted away before I brought up the subject I wanted to question Ken about.

"What became of Forbes?" I queried.

"He got the chop."

"Where?"

"France."

"Oh, in '44?"

"No, in '43."

I tried vainly to think how Forbes

could have been killed in France in 1943, in an infantry unit. Ken didn't look as if he wanted to talk, but gradually he relaxed.

"I never talk about this," he said at last, "because it's so incredible. But then you know Forbes. We got torpedoed on our way to Sicily and after we'd drifted around on a raft, four of us, for about four days, we got picked up by a little fishing boat. They landed us on the coast at night and told us how we could contact the Resistance, which we did without much trouble. The Resistance billeted us round in farm-houses near a small village, gave us civvies and generally treated us well.

"We were allowed to walk about quite freely, because the village was solid Resistance. They were hoping to move us toward the Spanish frontier shortly, as soon as a local panic died down. One day, in the village, I spotted Private Alfred Radford strolling down the road looking like a stage Englishman. He was wearing plus fours, a Fair Isle jumper, a real bookmaker's sports jacket, and a felt hat full of trout flies. He was also carrying a rough walking stick. On sight, I'd have arrested him as a Belgian traitor trying to imitate a British agent.

"What's all this?" I asked him.

"He was a bit vague, but later I learned he'd told the Resistance people he was Captain Forbes Radford, of the British Secret Service, and that he'd come to find out about German forces in the district. The Resistance thought all Englishmen were a little loopy anyway, so they believed him and let him go his own sweet way.

"Then one night a couple of the seventeen-year-old Resistance kids got a bit too keen and went beyond their orders. They used to be sent out to blow up railway lines and bridges with gelignite dropped by you RAF types. Spontaneous assassination of German personnel was strictly *defendu*. That was a policy matter, to be decided in advance by higher authority. Well, these two kids found a German staff car pulled up by the roadside, while the passenger, a *Generalmajor*, was relieving himself. They knocked him and the driver off as quick as wink.

"There was quite a fuss at the local Resistance H.Q. when the kids came

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

in with cases and binoculars and revolvers taken from the staff car. The local chief chewed them up good and proper and then gave orders that we visitors were to push off at the short trail, pronto, into the woods, anywhere.

"One of our boys was a French Canadian, from St. Hyacinthe, so he elected to stay and brazen it out. I didn't have any choice, because I'd sprained an ankle on an expedition with those fool kids, so they buried me in an empty gas storage tank until the fuss was over.

"About ten o'clock the S.S. *Sicherheitsdienst* moved into the village in force. For my money they were the meanest Jerry outfit of all. Their job was security and counterespionage, but with an accent on brute force and bloody ignorance. Nothing subtle or clever about them."

WHAT took place when the S.S. arrived was witnessed by Jean-Louis, the French Canadian. He told Ken that from the outset it had a nasty look about, as if the Germans were about to perpetrate another Lidice. They beat through the houses and rounded up all the men of the village, Jean-Louis included, and herded them into the village square.

Jean-Louis was standing at the edge of the mob of villagers, watching the S.S. men conducting the women and children to some other point and removing certain portable goods from the houses, when to his horror he saw Forbes returning to the village.

Forbes was still wearing the felt hat with the trout flies, the plus fours, *le sporting* and the Fair Isle jumper, but in addition he had hung the *Generalmajor's* binoculars about his neck.

He strolled into the square with such an air of insouciance that Jean-Louis half expected to see him stroll right past the preoccupied Germans without being noticed. It was obvious that he had already lunched and only too well. There was the suggestion of a stagger about his gait, as if he were walking on air with pockets in it. Without doubt he had found an inn a few kilometres away and had been entertained royally. Under the influence of good food and too much wine he had completely forgotten about the impending crisis, but then again, Ken thought, he might just have lost his way and wandered back by mistake.

At any rate he strolled past several sentries without challenge and was approaching the mob of villagers when an S.S. officer saw him, strode briskly toward him and shouted something in bad French.

Forbes, according to Jean-Louis, nodded politely and raised his rough brier stick in greeting. Then he tried to stroll on past.

"*Ein moment, bitte,*" the German said, seizing his arm, "*Comment vous appelez-vous? Wie heissen Sie? What is your name?*"

Forbes had a hazy eye. He seemed to be quite unaware of his surroundings. Floating on a pink cloud of the *vin du pays*, he was off in some lovely daydream.

"Oh, my name's Radford," he replied, according to Jean-Louis. "Captain Forbes Radford, D.S.O."

Then he smiled knowingly at the simmering German and added, "British Intelligence, you know."

Outraged by the coolness of the thing, the S.S. officer tore the binoculars from Forbes' shoulder, opened the case and read the name inside.

Forbes just stood there, with a bewildered look, until the S.S. officer screamed with rage and struck him across the face with the back of his hand. That was too much for poor



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Forbes, who came out of it rather suddenly, turned in panic flight and ran like a deer until he was shot down by a dispassionate *Posten* at the edge of the square.

AFTER his pockets had been emptied and inventoried, the clothes were removed, the body photographed, and then what was left of Forbes was driven two kilometres out of town and buried by two villagers detailed for the purpose.

So far as the S.S. *Sicherheitsdienst* was concerned, the crime had been solved and necessary action taken. No further action against the village was needed.

"I saw the grave before I left for the Spanish frontier," Ken said. "People had planted a few flowers on

it. But just take a look at it now!"

He handed me a snapshot of Forbes' grave. It was marked by a huge stone cairn, with heroic figures at the corners and a weeping angel bent over a dead British soldier. Occasional cherubim fluttered about and the plaque clearly read, "Captain Forbes Radford, D.S.O., British Secret Service."

"There was quite an argument between the graves registration people and the mayor of the village about that," Ken said. "But the graves boys saw they were playing with gelignite, so they let the whole thing drop. It's a pity his mother never lived to see it."

I see Ken sometimes in the tavern and now and then at lunch in a hotel. I often wonder how he feels without somebody to keep an eye on. ★

Shark!

Continued from page 18

coast had 64 young in her. What proportion of the eggs laid by other types survive to hatch has not been established.

Although most people regard all sharks as dangerous, only about a dozen of the nearly 100 species have been known to attack man. But even there it's difficult to be definite. A person attacked by a shark is very seldom in any condition to identify or classify his attacker. These are the known killers: the great white, tiger, whaler, blue nurse, grey nurse, blue pointer and hammerhead.

Only the blue pointer—known here as the porbeagle or salmon shark—has been noted as far north as Vancouver Island. Canada's resident sharks, a much more profitable lot, include the spotted cow, mud, mackerel, basking, thresher, soup-fin, dogfish and sleeper sharks.

With the exception of the nightmarish hammerhead, all sharks look roughly alike. They have no bones in the true sense; instead, their frames are a structure of extremely tough cartilage. A torpedo-shaped body, underslung mouth, fins top and bottom, and a strong tail—those are the distinguishing features. Color ranges from the brilliant camouflage of the wobbegong or carpet shark to the black of the tigers, but most are grey or bluish-grey.

Jonah Was Wrong

The great white shark—the largest of all—is typical in conformation. Its large sail-like dorsal fin, affixed halfway down the back, keeps it balanced in the water as the huge caudal fins (tails to you) thrust it forward. The rudder controls—pectoral, pelvic and anal fins—are underneath. Named for its white belly, the great white has been recorded at odd times throughout history. In fact the Swedish naturalist, Linnaeus, once wrote that it was a great white which swallowed Jonah and not the kindly whale of legend. Fossils prove that this brute once grew to 100 feet in length, and 40-foot specimens have been caught in recent years.

Only the hammerhead differs drastically from the general run of sharks. He has a blunt, square snout, set at right angles to his body. His mouth is nearer the front.

Even the smaller breeds have the viciousness which characterizes the man-eaters. Sharks will attack whales, sea lions, and even fishing boats.

For all their strength, sharks are not generally a good game fish. Exceptions are the mako, found off the coast of

northern New Zealand, and the hammerhead.

The commercial value of sharks has been fully recognized only in the last few years. Now fishermen in many parts of the world, including Canada, Australia and New Zealand, are trawling for sharks and hauling them back to shore stations. Shark-liver oil is fast overtaking cod-liver oil in popularity. Livers of certain species are 25 times richer in vitamin A than cod livers, and currently fetch a minimum of 20 cents a pound.

Shark meat is eaten by some South Sea Islanders and will occasionally turn up in European fish shops under the name of flake, but is coarse and strong-smelling. In B. C. the carcasses of the easily caught dogfish are ground into fish meal and into a highly potent fertilizer.

They'll Swallow Anything

Sharkskin—known commercially as shagreen—is used in women's shoes, handbags and other accessories. The skin is rough and prickly to the touch, and tans into a leather tougher than oxhide. One ton of shark will produce from 80 to 100 square feet of leather.

Off the eastern coast of New South Wales, fishermen lower nets 500 feet long and 20 deep, parallel to the beaches, on a rotating schedule. Two boats are out every day of the bathing season. Setting 66 nets a week over an eight-month period, the meshers once caught more than 500 sharks, including over 200 dangerous ones. Before the war one boat got 84 sharks in four days.

Sharks are scavengers, eating fish, lobsters, and general sea refuse. Even sacks of coal and logs of wood have been gulped down. A large shark caught off Soquel, Calif., had a young sea lion in its stomach, while a tiger in Sydney Harbor, N.S.W., swallowed a swimming Newfoundland dog. One murder mystery was solved in Melbourne, Australia, when a captured shark was found to contain the tattooed forearm of a man. The discovery deflated the murderer's hitherto sound alibi.

It is believed that sharks do not instinctively attack man, but regard him as just another tasty tidbit.

Dr. F. A. Lucas of the American Museum of Natural History states firmly that the danger of shark attacks on humans in temperate waters is very slight. Other authorities claim that the shark is often blamed for attacks perpetrated by the ferocious if much smaller barracuda, especially off Caribbean beaches. One American fisherman, Herman Oelrichs, once offered \$500 reward for an authentic case of a shark attacking a human along the Atlantic coast north of Cape Hatteras. The

reward stood for years, but was never claimed.

Numerous attacks have occurred in the waters off Florida, the West Indies, and southern California, but Australia's appalling tally of authentic man-eater attacks remains unchallenged. Since ocean bathing became popular with all classes soon after the turn of the century, 150 shark attacks on humans have been recorded in Australian waters. At least half were fatal.

You can surf on Australian beaches for at least six months of the year in ideal weather, from November through April. Many enthusiasts spin the season out to seven or eight months. The surf season is at its height during the breeding season for most of the 70 species of sharks that haunt the Australian coast.

Surfing, Australia's favorite outdoor sport, is no game for the fainthearted. The long combers swelling in toward the beaches break between 50 and 150 yards from shore, then surge in to the sand with express-train speed. A surfer swims out to where the wave is breaking. He judges his moment with keen precision, swims a few strokes on the crumbling roller, flattens out, and rides the foamy avalanche right in to the beach. This is called "shooting the surf" and is the surfing climax.

When you know that hungry sharks up to 30 feet long may be on the prowl, you are inclined to hesitate for a while by the beach; but soon the natives will make you a little ashamed of your fears and you'll be out there trying your skill. As if by prearranged plan, all the good surfers remain at a certain breaker line. Anybody who goes farther is regarded as "shark bait."

Most Australians have their pet shark story, but few have seen an actual attack. The theories on how to get away alive from an attacking shark range from punching the fish on the nose to clapping your hands under water.

Last year two surfers were killed and another badly mauled by sharks along the coast of New South Wales. The first two months of the year are the most dangerous, because then the female whaler shark is delivering her young and is terribly vicious.

Here is an eyewitness story of how a 16-year-old lifesaver, Ronald Johnson, of North Stockton, near Newcastle, N.S.W., was mauled to death by a

12-foot shark at Stockton Beach in 1947.

Johnson was swimming about 40 yards from the beach in six feet of water with a group of his mates from the Stockton Surf Club.

Lifesaver Don Lindstrom, 17, was about 10 yards from Johnson when he heard his friend scream, "A shark has got me!"

"Ron screamed again, and blood came all over the surface of the water," Lindstrom reported later.

Beach Inspector Harry Stephenson, who was manning the shark tower, said that in the second before the attack he saw the tail and dorsal fin of a shark moving toward Johnson.

"Johnson tried to swim to the beach," Stephenson said. "I shouted 'shark,' and Lifesaver Albert Linich ran out of the pavilion, struggling into the lifesaving belt. I scrambled down from the tower.

"Linich rushed straight into the surf. It was one of the bravest things I have ever seen.

"He waded out to Johnson, who was still conscious, picked him up in his arms and brought him to the beach.

"Blood was pouring from Johnson's terrible injuries and he was only able to gasp, 'I never had a chance!'"

Within five minutes the boy was dead.

At Christmas, 1946, a 12-year-old girl was bitten almost in half in a few feet of river water at Oatley, near Sydney. A pretty Sydney beach girl lost both feet to a shark while sitting on a rock at Bronte, splashing her legs in 24 inches of water.

The oldest fallacy about sharks is that they must turn over to strike. They have been seen biting from all angles, and once they slam their jaws shut they will twist and turn until they tear off the piece.

Don't Like Noise

Australian surfers say that as long as you keep within breaking water you are safe. They base this on the knowledge that sharks strongly dislike noise and vibration. The Hawaiian trick of clapping hands under water, and thrashing with hands and feet, is highly regarded as a shark scarer. Calm reaches are regarded as dangerous and thus no one in his right mind would swim in Sydney's beautiful harbor. There are several harbor bays popular with swimmers (as distinct from surfers) but these are all fenced by nets. The blue shark is particularly fond of following ships into the harbor.

A shark has woefully bad eyesight, but makes up for this by having an extremely keen sense of smell. This was established by Australian experiments in which a shark's nostrils were plugged. The hungry shark swam right over a meat bait; unplugged, it immediately discovered even hidden food.

Repellent liquids were issued during the war to anyone who might be forced into the sea and immediately after the war they were tried out off Australian beaches. However, the smell scared off not only the sharks but the surfers.

Aircraft have been used on shark patrol around Sydney. The pilots said they would never surf again. They reported the sea beyond the breakers to be alive with sharks.

The average Australian surfer is very shark-conscious. He has seen the slim, wicked bodies swimming round and round their tanks at Taronga Park Zoo and the Manly Aquarium, and he knows what those serrated jaws can do. Yet for all that, when the 100-degree weather arrives and the blond beach girls bring their new season's suits to the sands, he grins and says, "Well, it doesn't have to be me, does it?" ★



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Continued from page 11

said. "Hello there, Joe. What're you doing here?"

"I sleep here." It was a very little voice and very matter-of-fact.

"Sure," Smitty said. "Why don't you sleep on the bed, Joey?"

"That's yours."

"There's room for both of us."

"Marty wouldn't like it."

"She won't know." He thought a minute. "You know, I've got something you could help me with. You do that?"

"Sure, mister."

Out of his kitbag Smitty brought a cap, like they wore in the lumber camps. "Never could get the right slant on that," he said. "Here. You try it."

"Why, easy, mister." The kid smacked it on the back of his head, flicked the visor up. It was way too big, but he wore it like an old-time strip boss. "See?"

"Yea, it looks good. I never could wear it. You keep it."

Smitty picked him up then and put him on the end of the bed, tucking the blankets around the boy. He lay on the bed himself, his legs bent so his feet wouldn't touch the child.

"Mister," the boy asked, "where's Freddie?"

"Who's Freddie?"

Just then the cat bounded onto the bed beside the child, stretched and curled beside him, and his purring sounded loud and steadily beating.

"Here's Freddie," the boy said. "He sleeps with me." Then, "Mister?"

"Yes."

"Good night."

"Good night, Joey," Smitty said.

"How did you know my name's Joey?"

"Is it?"

"My name's Looey."

"Oh. Good night, Looey."

"Say good night to Freddie, too."

"Is Freddie a boy or a girl?"

"A boy, of course."

"Of course. Good night, Freddie."

The cat did not answer but the boy said, "Good night, mister," and the cat purred steadily, and then not so steadily, then stopped.

THE SUN wasn't streaming in the window when Smitty woke up. It never shone in that window, and rarely it shone in that street. But the eyes of the little boy stared at him.

"I woke up before you," he said.

"You did?" Smitty stretched, straightened his legs, and shifted his back in the lumpy hollow of the bed.

"Yes. I have to go now."

"Oh. Where do you go?"

"Marty wants me."

The boy pushed aside his covers and sat on the edge of the bed, swinging his legs. His blue shirt did not quite reach his knees. He didn't have any pants on. The hat Smitty had given him was askew on his head, completely covering one ear.

"I have to go down," he said.

Smitty pulled his boots on, and without lacing them stood up and hitched the boy onto his hip as he had seen old mothers do it.

He opened the door. Even in the morning the hall wasn't very light. Smitty went slowly down both flights of narrow stairs, past closed doors, waiting for Looey to say where he belonged.

Right at the bottom of the stairs, just inside the doorway of the room, the girl stood. She was leaning casually against the door jamb. Looking at her,



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Smitty stopped on the bottom step.

Her hair was straight, black, and down past her shoulders. Combed smooth, Smitty saw that, and he knew it was a rare girl who brushed her hair so shiny.

"I brought Looey down," he said. "Does he belong to you?"

The way the girl stood there, her shirt screaming red, a man's shirt, scarlet, her skirt black and long and full at the bottom, her waist so very narrow his two hands could have encircled it, her eyes inspecting Smitty and warming him, he could hardly breathe.

"Did he tell you his name was Looey?" Smooth, her voice was, but grave like the child's, and somewhere there was a trace of laughter in it.

The child looked from the girl to Smitty, his eyes not blinking, then wiggled down and bounded past the girl into the room.

"That's your cap he's got on." In a way her eyes seemed to accuse him. "It fits him better'n it does me."

"He likes you. He wouldn't wear it if he didn't." She half put out her hand to touch his sleeve as she spoke.

Smitty did not know what to do, which way to look. He wanted to watch those great dark eyes of hers. Black, they seemed in that dark stairwell, inaccessible, haunting. This girl, beautiful, clad partly like a man, strangely lighted and warmed the broken ancient house. Even in the doorway she seemed to stand apart, the wild flower in the alleyway. She should have golden earrings.

Just then the cat brushed down past his leg and streaked after the boy. Smitty saw its tail had been chopped off short.

"There's his tomcat," he said.

"It's a lady cat."

"What do you call it?"

"Puss," she said, "just Puss." And then: "I forgot about David last night."

"He slept on the end of the bed with the Puss."

"He likes to sleep there, when no one's using the room." Her voice told Smitty she did not know why the child liked to stay so far away and alone. It told him she was proud of the boy too. "But I did not know he was there last night. I'm sorry."

The cat pushed its head out between her leg and the door, pulling and pushing its side back and forth across her ankle, purring.

"I like kittens better," Smitty said.

"Why?" She looked up at him. The light coming in from the open front door touched her face. Her cheekbones were high and daylight pointed the slight flush on them. He wanted to see the color of her eyes that watched him.

"Kittens," he said, "little ones, to play with. But a cat—they make you think."

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-two." He did not mind telling her. That was strange.

"Yes. Twenty-two." She was talking. "And you like kittens." He saw now that she was younger than he. "But everything has to grow older," she said. She was half explaining it to him, half questioning him. "To grow up."

"Yes."

She smiled at him, quickly. Then she blushed and was ashamed and was shy, but she kept her eyes on him.

Smitty stepped down the last step and saw he was half a head taller than she. He wanted to touch her face with the back of his hand and wrist.

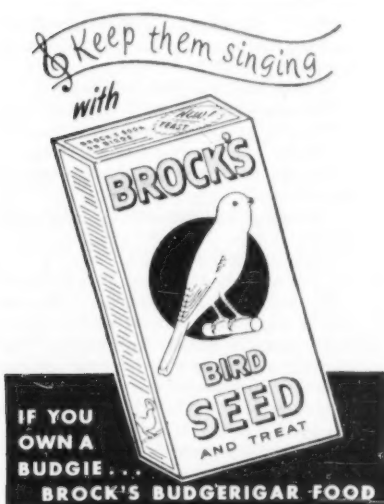
He said, "I have to go down to the docks now."

"When will you be back?"

All at once the warmth she had given



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him left. "I don't know," he said. He had to get out.

She said nothing and did not turn away. She smiled a little bit but he did not smile back. He went to the front door and down the steps and heard the voice of last night's woman call, "Was that Smitty?" and laugh loudly and roar, "I want Alfred to see him." "SMITTY!"

THAT night, when he got back, the girl was standing by the doorway. As he came up she put out her hand and took his and led him in. Her hand was small, and vaguely warming, and a little bit rough. He was strangely comforted by her hand and he wanted to hold on tight, but he could not.

There was no light in the first room. She went ahead of him, still holding his hand, into the second room. She dropped his hand just as she entered the door.

In the rocking chair by the stove there, in the same flowing gown she had on the night before, sat the woman. He could see the stains on the gown now. Snoring came from behind a curtained doorway back of the stove.

"Alfred," the woman slanted her head at the snores. "In bed." She sniffed. She went on, "You like my girl, eh. You got her blushing."

He started. Now he saw the color in the girl's face.

"Sure," the woman said. "She ain't blushed like that for a long time. It's good for the girl. It's time she did." She went on, "Down to the docks, eh? You got the job." She didn't wait. "Awwk! A sailor! Couldn't make you out but knew you wasn't a sailor!"

He didn't say anything. He liked the garrulous roaring of the old woman. It was warm and friendly, and with the girl there the feeling was heady. He wanted to stay in the small kitchen and absorb this warmth of stove and rocking chair and woman and girl.

"Now, scat!" she said, done with him. "It's late. Get to bed. And mind be careful of my girl. She's got claws. Lots of yer sailors knows so! Sailors! Ha!" She roared and he fled.

"Alfred!" he heard her bellow as he went up the screeching stairs. "Come see the sailor, Alfred!" and she laughed. And he heard the girl say, "Hush!"

THERE WAS still no bulb dangling from the ceiling, but the brightness from the street light and the moon now flooded the room. He picked up his bag and took out a tin cup and a bottle. He went down the hall and from the sink at the head of the stairs half-filled the white cup. From the bottle he added more to the cup, and sat on the bed and sipped it, watching out the window.

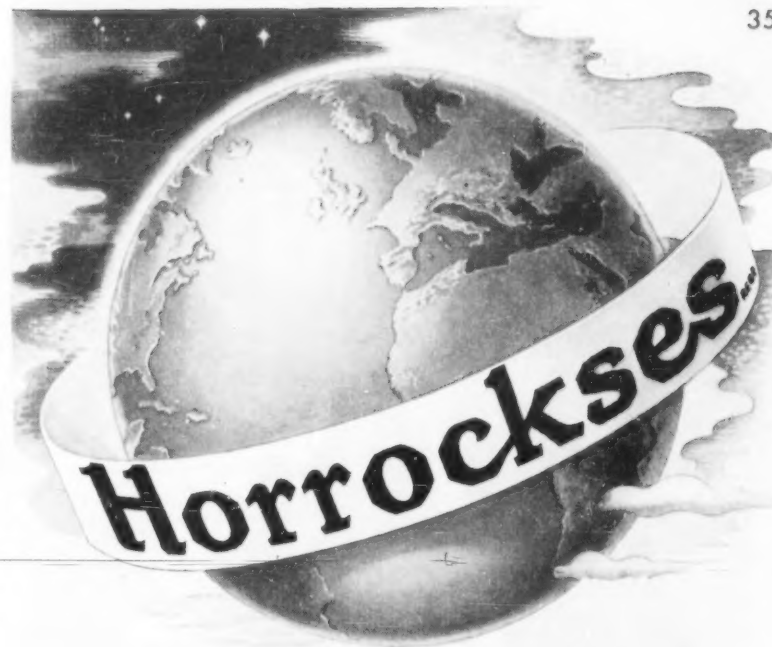
Arrgh! burning stuff—he gritted his teeth as he swallowed. And from somewhere dim an ancestor called to him and he thought, I should not drink alone.

He rummaged in his bag again and brought out some dirty clothes, a pair of socks. By the moonlight and the street light at the window he threaded brown wool into a long needle and began to darn a big hole in the heel of one heavy grey sock, stopping every now and then to stare at the moon, listening, sipping at the enamel cup.

The moon was a luminous yellow slice riding on one of the chimney pots across the street. Slowly it rose, disengaging itself from the chimney, and shining more brightly on the bed and the floor of the room.

"Mister, hello."

Little David! He turned to the door. David was there, riding on the hip of the girl, just as he had carried him that morning. The tail of his blue rag



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shirt fell over her arm that held the boy to her. He couldn't see her face, but the edge of the moonlight caught the swinging feet of the child and showed the bare white legs of the girl.

"David," she said. "He wants to sleep here. You don't mind?" And, "He's my brother."

Smitty smiled. Funny, he thought, there was no sound. I didn't hear the stairs, or the door.

"I wondered where he was," he said. "I thought he'd be here. I wondered where he was."

His voice trailed into silence as David jumped free of his sister and swooped up a blanket from the corner and came to the end of the bed. He stopped there. He stared at him, his eyes big and grave. And then he hopped onto the end of the bed, tugging the blanket over his shirttail as he curled up.

Yumpph! and the cat was on the end of the bed nosing under the boy's arm, purring.

"Mister," David told him, "say good night to Jamey."

"Jamey it is, eh? Good night, Jamey. Night, David."

"Good night, mister. Jamey says so too."

Smitty looked at the girl as she silently came closer and saw that her feet were bare. She held out something to him.

"Marty said to bring this to you," she said. He could smell the beans and the pepper in the bowl she held out. He did not like to reach hungrily for them.

"Marty?" he asked. "Who's that?"

"That's mother."

"Who's Alfred?"

"Father."

"Oh," Smitty took the bowl. She gave him a spoon.

He said thanks, watching her pick up the sock and the darning needle. She leaned over, brushing little David's hair with her mouth, and then sat up on the end of the bed, her legs together under her, and with the moonlight over her shoulder she worked at the hole in the sock. She didn't say anything about the sock being grey and the wool brown.

"You don't eat enough," she said.

He didn't answer.

"Smitty!"

"Ummgh?"

"When did you eat last?"

He laughed. "These are good. Will you have some?"

"No!" She was short with him.

"I've eaten." And she added, "Three times today." She worked at the sock.

"You got a job," she told him.

"How did you know?"

"Marty said so."

"How did she know?"

"She could tell, I guess. I could too. I could tell."

"Yes," he said, and he wondered about this girl whose eyes he still could not see. He wondered a little about the way she thought and why she stayed to talk to him and mend his socks. Watching the quickly pulled and pushed needle he wondered.

From downstairs, distantly, a man called, "Anne! Come on!" And then, "Anne? Where are you?"

On the foot of the bed the girl started, lifted her head and listened, and then sewed again hurriedly.

"Anne?" he said.

She did not answer.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"A boy I know," She paused. "We were going to the show."

She should go, he thought. I should tell her to go. And he said, "He'll come up."

"No. Marty will stop him. Marty will send him away." And, "Marty knows."

"Knows?"

She stopped, and looked up at him in the dark, trying to see him, and a smile traced itself across her face and into her eyes, and her teeth showed white and bright. Then she bent her head over her sewing, and the smile stayed warm on her face, and the moonlight touched it.

"When do you go, Smitty?"

"Tomorrow."

"What kind of job?"

He said, "I don't think it matters — the job, when I go. The only thing that matters, I'll be back." He was smiling and watching her face and the moonlight there still held her own smile. They sat there in the magic pathway of the moon with little David between them.

He said, "How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Not very old."

She faced him. "I am!"

"But very wise."

"No." She said it softly, dropping her eyes. And then, "Smitty, where do you come from?"

"The West, the North — all over."

"All the time alone?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

He did not answer. He wondered why himself.

"Your mother?" she said. "And your girl?"

"No. I don't know."

"You're lonely," she said it flatly.

He laughed. "Sometimes," he said, and because he was touched he spoke flippantly. "I always have enough for a drink and a cigarette and usually a meal. Friends are easy found. And I have two good hands and a head. Plenty for what I want."

"What do you want?"

"To go home."

And at the way he said it she looked up in wonder, but his eyes saw something far away and not her. She did not interrupt his long look, but slowly his eyes came back and looked at her, and she said, "Where's home?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do." And he said, "Somewhere, with a girl."

"Who?"

"I don't know." He was looking at her, not talking to himself, and his eyes were probing hers. "A girl," he said.

"Yes," she said gently.

He got up quickly then and walked to the door. As quickly he turned and came back. He reached for her hand and pulled her up beside him. He turned her around and taking her long black hair in both his hands he pushed his fingers down through it. It was very long. It was soft and there was a strength in it that flowed through his fingers. He turned her toward himself.

He held in his hand two earrings, big circles of gold. He got them from one of the sailors when he got the job. Heavy bands of gold they were, from some distant shore, from the ears of a black-haired, dark-eyed foreign beauty. He had got them for this girl.

She gasped and laughed, fastening them in her ears.

She spun then on her toes, in front of him, the earrings trembling; she came to a stop standing tiptoe facing him. Her arms were back and he saw the moonlight glint on those golden earrings and on her white teeth. It shone in her eyes but he still could not tell their color.

"Your eyes," he said. "What color?"

"Look," she said. "Tell me."

Her eyes were dancing light, her teeth parted, her smile wide. His hands touched her shoulders, coming together behind her neck, pushing up in her hair. The Puss by young David purred, and it was as if Anne purred too. ★

They're in the Chips

Continued from page 23

12-foot statues made in sections. They sell at from \$100 to more than \$5,000, depending on the size and the time spent at the job—half a day to half a year. Bourgault carvings can be found in practically every country, in churches, hotels and art galleries, in the homes of rich and poor alike.

Wood carving in St. Jean Port Joli is of two kinds—that typified by the Bourgault brothers and their followers, and that of pudgy, 51-year-old Eugene Leclerc, who for more than a generation has been carving, in intricate detail, models of old sailing ships, frigates and men-of-war. These, like the Bourgaults' carvings, are sold all over the world.

They Make Art Pay

There are 62 professional wood carvers and several hundred minor and student carvers in St. Jean Port Joli. Actually, more than half the 1,200 residents are concerned with wood carving—either as an art or a business. Farmers of the district supply maple, basswood, aged pine, cedar, red birch and walnut. Village blacksmith Leo Pelletier forges carvers' chisels from Italian, Swiss and German steel. Other villagers sell the work of minor carvers to the thousands of American and Canadian tourists who stop at their roadside stands each summer. But while the tourist may pay from \$1 to \$100 for a carving at a roadside stall, the best wood carvings are rarely for sale there. Most of the professionals sell their own work or, as is usually the case because of the great demand, work only to order.

One frequent visitor to the village of the wood carvers was the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. An ardent sailor, he bought a \$75-model sailing vessel from Eugene Leclerc, as well as several carvings from the Bourgaults. Today these samples of French-Canadian wood carving are to be seen in F. D. R.'s Little White House at Warm Springs, Ga.

It was an ancestor of the Bourgaults who first introduced the European wood carving art to America in 1733. The Bourgaults' father, who died eight years ago at the age of 74, was not a wood carver. He was a skilled carpenter. But their mother was Emily Legros, direct descendant of Canada's first wood carver. Mrs. Bourgault was a carver herself and she passed on to her four children her knowledge of the ancient art. When Jean Julien was only eight years old he carved a cemetery complete with tombs, coffins, corpses and mourners. From this somewhat macabre beginning he blossomed into the gayest and most prolific of the St. Jean Port Joli wood carvers. Today it is his older brother Médard who specializes in religious carvings.

A third Bourgault brother, chubby, 53-year-old André, and a sister, Yvonne, operate a unique wood carving school for more than 50 students from Canada, the U. S., Mexico and South America, 1,000 yards down the road from the old frame house that serves as a studio for their brothers.

Médard lives next door to the studio in a yellow frame house. For 20 years, in his spare time, he has been carving the interior. His office, the only room completely finished, is undoubtedly the most beautiful, if not the most valuable, office in Canada. The wall panels are each a separately carved mural reaching from floor to ceiling. The entire ceiling is one huge, beautiful mural in bas-relief. Everything in the

room is carved from wood. The desk took over two years to carve (an American executive tried, unsuccessfully, to buy it for \$25,000); the chairs, the lamps, the ash trays—even the floor is carved. Hundreds of subjects from Biblical characters and angels to habitant farmers and animals are represented. The books in the carved bookcase have carved wooden jackets.

Médard is shy and reserved, reticent with strangers. Both he and Jean Julien have the high forehead and Roman nose of their mother. But the brothers, while alike in many ways, are entirely different personalities. Médard is a serious-minded, deeply religious man with a genuine, though quiet, sense of humor. He is a family man, a strict but gentle father. He likes old clothes and plain French-Canadian food. He drinks a little wine, an occasional beer, and puffs continuously at an old corn cob pipe stuffed with pungent *tabac Canadien* which is grown in the district. Only for Sunday Mass does he wear a tie; he keeps his peaked cap on when working.

Though the Bourgaults expect good prices for their work, they are by no means slaves to money. Instead, they prefer to regard it as an unfortunate necessity.

They start work at eight each morning, and often work until eight in the evening, stopping only for lunch, afternoon coffee made on a burner in the studio, supper, and the mailman. The arrival of mail breaks the monotony of steady chiseling and carving. The brothers leave the letters containing orders (Médard reads the French, Jean Julien the English ones, after work) in a pile in the corner, but always open the dozen or so fan letters that come in every day from all over the world. The brothers answer their own fan letters and split the ones just addressed to "The Bourgaults."

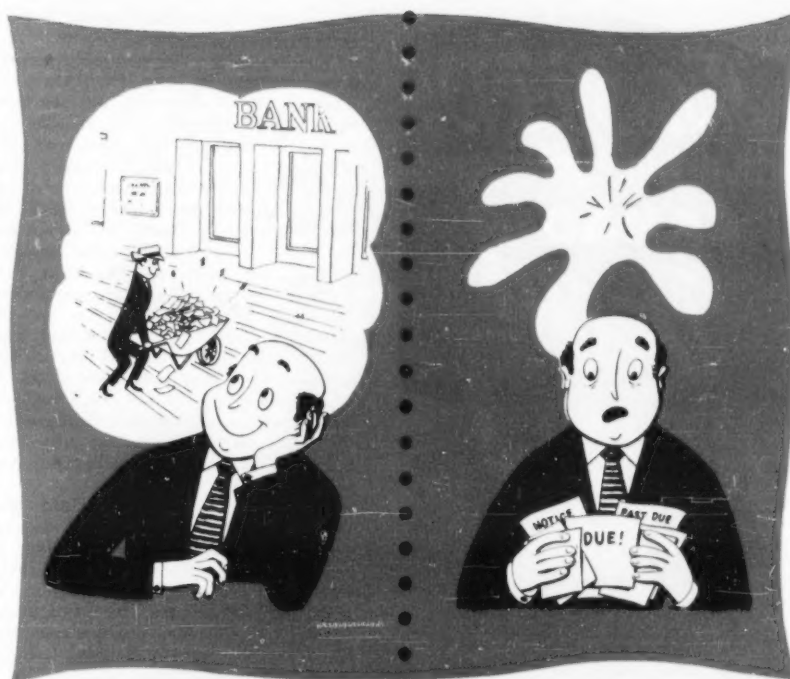
Confirmed sentimentalists, they think nothing of postponing or even refusing a major commission in order to carve something for a lonely housewife in Alaska or an impoverished school-teacher in Chicoutimi, Que.

Memorial for Heroes

Last year Médard was working on a set of bas-relief Stations of the Cross for the war-ravaged Cathedral of Caen, France, when a letter arrived from the Rousseau family of Montmagny, Que. It was an order for a set of Stations of the Cross for the parish church of the little French town of Igny, Pres Abricour, on the Franco-German border in Lorraine. The church, destroyed by a bomb during the war, was being restored. Why was a Quebec family buying a set of Stations of the Cross for this little French church? The letter explained. The Stations were to be a memorial to two sons of the Rousseau family who were killed in France during the war. Why did the family pick the church of Igny, Pres Abricour? One of the Rousseau boys, a parachutist with the Canadian Army, lost his life in the Normandy invasion. On the same day, his brother, a leader of French Maquis, was shot down by the Gestapo on the steps of the church of Igny, Pres Abricour.

Every member of the Rousseau family, which includes farmers, store clerks, businessmen, priests, nuns, factory workers and students, contributed part of the \$1,400 needed to pay for the Stations. The letter explained that the anniversary of the death of the Rousseau boys was in five months, and asked that the Stations be delivered to the church by then.

It takes Médard four months to carve a set of Stations of the Cross (each Station measures 40 by 36 inches),



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and at the time he had just started the set for Caen Cathedral.

The day of the Rousseau anniversary was a holiday in Igny, Pres Abricour. Though the church had not yet been completely restored—part of one wall was still missing and most of the windows were without stained-glass panes—Father Allin Lenjer, curé of the parish, offered up a special Mass for the Rousseau brothers. In his sermon he spoke of the two French-Canadian soldiers the town was honoring that day. Practically the entire population came to hear him, and to see the beautiful Stations of the Cross that hung on the unfinished walls—the Stations that had been carved out of white basswood by the French-Canadian wood carver Médard Bourgault—the Stations that had originally been intended for the famous Cathedral of Caen.

Balding, puckish, 44-year-old Jean Julien is the more active and demonstrative of the two. When he talks—in a vibrantly alive voice which, even when he argues, seems to continuously ripple with laughter—he gesticulates wildly and his lean, aquiline face with its thin black mustache goes into all manner of contortions.

He lives in a stone house in the town and hatches many of his ideas while walking to work. He likes the mile to and from the studio both summer and winter. Only on blizzard days does he ride in the town's battered "snowmobile" taxi.

Under-Pillow Workshop

Jean Julien carries a notebook on which he jots down ideas for carvings whenever they strike him. At night he keeps his notebook and pencil under his pillow, frequently waking in the early hours to scribble a new notion. This practice used to draw many a complaint from Jean Julien's wife, who vigorously objected to his turning the light on whenever a nocturnal inspiration woke him. Jean Julien solved this marital problem by adding a pencil flashlight to his under-pillow workshop.

Named after a famous French-Canadian painter, Jean Julien often sketches his subject in his notebook before he begins to carve. In his spare time he paints with oils and water colors.

The inspiration for the best of his famous bas-relief murals came while he was attending a village council meeting. He spent over three months on this carving. It portrays a council meeting in the eighteenth century, and the characters display a wide range of emotions. An overturned chair, a cap on the floor, and a curious villager peering through the door, add humor to a truly great wood carving. Because Jean Julien likes it so well, and can't bring himself to sell it, the mural now hangs in Auberge du Faubourg, St. Jean Port Joli's newest hotel, owned by a cousin of the Bourgaults.

Jean Julien is a practical joker. Most of his pranks are directed at Médard. Visitors to the village come away chuckling over a sample of the biggest practical joke Jean Julien ever played. It came about when Médard decided he should have personal cards so that he wouldn't have to write down his address for every visitor to the studio. He made out a sample card and gave it to Jean Julien for correction, telling him to order enough so that he wouldn't have to be bothered for a year or two. Under his name on the sample card, Médard scribbled: "Carver of religious subjects." In a few weeks, the express company began to dump carton after carton on the Bourgault doorstep. As the boxes piled

up, Médard, bewildered and more than a little apprehensive, frowned at his brother who was innocently waxing a carving.

"What," asked Médard, "is in all these boxes?"

"Ah, I believe they're your cards," replied Jean Julien. "I thought I had better get enough to last you the rest of your life while I was about it. So I ordered a million."

Médard got an even bigger shock when he looked at his cards. They read: "Médard Bourgault, Carver of the Religious and Profane."

Sometimes, though, staid Médard has the final word, as in the case of the impatient senator whom Médard had invited to come back "on July 12—three years from now, about three in the afternoon."

Three years passed, and it was July 12 again. At three o'clock Jean Julien addressed his brother. "You didn't really expect that one to return?"

Médard shrugged and smiled. Six o'clock came, and they were preparing to knock off work, when a long black car with U. S. license plates stopped outside. The senator puffed up the lane to the studio.

"I've come for my carving," he announced.

Without saying a word, Médard crossed to the storeroom. In a few minutes he emerged with a bust of "Christ Suffering," a carving even more beautifully executed than the one which

had captivated the senator on his earlier visit.

"Here you are, monsieur," he said.

The senator offered Médard four hundred-dollar bills. Médard handed two of the bills back.

"But I agreed to pay \$400, remember?"

"My price is still \$100," Médard said.

"Then," asked the puzzled senator, "why have you kept \$200?"

Médard walked over to the far corner of the room and from a nail stuck in the wall pulled a sheaf of papers. From the bottom of the pile he extracted a dusty, frayed bill, scribbled on it, put it in an addressed but unsealed envelope, and handed it to the senator. It was the long-overdue bill for \$100 for the carving shipped to the tiny, and poor, Nova Scotia church, three years before. "Paid" was scrawled over Médard's signature.

"As you were so determined to buy that first carving and seem to have more money than you really need or know what to do with," Médard said, "I felt sure you would enjoy the satisfaction of buying the first carving after all—for the church. Could you please mail the curé that receipt?"

Later, Jean Julien remarked wonderingly, "I don't know how you could possibly have been sure that he would turn up. But you were right."

"I wasn't right," replied Médard dryly, "he was three hours late." ★

Three-Part Harmony

Maclean's Quiz
By Gordon Duxton.



THREE, they say, is a crowd: but here are some well-known trios of fact and fiction, high-brow and low, that you will probably recognize. The only thing is, one has been omitted. Can you supply at least a dozen of the missing triplets?

1. Groucho, Harpo and ———.
2. Balthazar, ——— and Melchior.
3. Horatius, Lartius and ———.
4. Wynken, Blynken and ———.
5. Shadrach, ——— and Abednego.
6. Clotho, Lachesis and ———.
7. ———, Regan and Cordelia.
8. Patty, Laverne and ———.
9. Flopsy, Mopsy and ———.
10. Hitler, ——— and Hirohito.
11. Athos, Porthos and ———.
12. Shem ——— and Japheth.
13. ———, Evers and Chance.
14. The Butcher, the Baker and ———.
15. Yum-Yum, ——— and Pitti-Sing.

Answers on page 40

Mazo of Jalna

Continued from page 19

you think your public should know in order to understand you, and this book, better?"

"I think," retorted Miss De la Roche, "they already know more than they have any business to!"

She insists, however, that she isn't shy. "My hobby just happens to be privacy. It isn't that I don't like people. I love people."

Miss De la Roche spent twelve years in England—from 1927 to the outbreak of war—and the influences of those years are immediately apparent in her accent, the appointments of her home, the tea table drawn up by the hearth. At times she has described her period in England as "my happiest years." She loves England, the behavior of English children, the English theatre, English reserve, and points out sharply: "The English authors don't have to be written about, after all."

Her house has taken on her personality. The decor of the interior does not appear to aim at any period, but rather hints of many. There are icons from the collection of a White Russian grand duchess, golden triptych panels from a Sicilian church, and sweet old samplers sewn by a patient Devon child hundreds of years ago. There is an oak chair carved with the family crest, and another chair, marked and lopsided, which belongs to Christopher the poodle.

In the library the bookcases are heavy with Jalna series volumes in 15 languages. Some of these are handsomely bound volumes with tooled leather covers and gilt-edged leaves, presented by her grateful publishers. Even the silver paper knife, the handle a magnificently carved nude, is a collector's item. There is not, as in most houses, the casual clutter of odds and ends that seems to accumulate with the years. Every piece obviously holds a memory.

A cousin, Miss Caroline Clement, shares the home. During the summer holidays so do two adopted children, Esmee at school in Switzerland at the moment and Rene at a Canadian private school. After the death of the last of a long line of dearly loved canines Mazo de la Roche decided she wasn't going to give her heart to another dog. Just about that time, friends pleaded pitifully for her to give Christopher a home for a couple of weeks. That's years ago. The poodle rules the house, announces every visitor, stuffs himself at tea, and takes part in the conversation. His mistress gazes at him adoringly and sighs, "Isn't he sweet!"

Doesn't Write to Plan

Considering the fact that Mazo de la Roche has written 21 books in the past 26 years, as well as plays, short stories and some poetry, it is not surprising to learn that she writes to a rigid schedule. The 11th book in the Whiteoak story will be out as the Literary Guild choice for February, but the author is hard at work again.

She writes in her library or in a little study upstairs, a drawing board on her knees. She has never learned to use the typewriter and has written all her millions of words longhand, pausing to draw pleasant grotesques on the margins of the manuscript pages, to sharpen a sheaf of wooden pencils or fret over the lead problems of her self-feeding pencil. Inspiration, she feels, wouldn't flow as freely with ink.

"I don't see how people can write with a typewriter," she puzzles. "I should think you would entirely lose

the personal touch. And the noise!"

Her manuscript pages show lines of cramped, strong handwriting, well-spaced but obviously speedily written. When she has a book on the go she writes some 600 or 900 words a morning, and no more for the rest of the day. She doesn't map out the story beforehand, seldom makes notes or references. When she does it's on backs of envelopes or odd scraps of paper which, she says, "I either lose or can't decipher afterward."

Though her books are amazingly detailed in plot, Miss De la Roche says, "I never have had a cut-and-dried plan. I feel my way through the story, continually turning aside and changing my original idea as my characters urge me. Scenes, dialogues sometimes come to me in great detail, complete. Occasionally they come quite inconveniently, while I'm supposed to be paying attention to a conversation or conducting one myself."

After eleven volumes about them, the members of her Whiteoaks family are intensely real to her.

"Adeline Whiteoaks," Miss De la Roche says, "appeals to me partly because she has qualities which I lack; Finch because we have certain qualities in common; Renny because he resembles someone for whom I had understanding and sympathy."

"Jalna," the novel which launched the saga—and Mazo de la Roche—was responsible for at least one headache on Toronto's book row. The author's Canadian publisher, then as now, was Macmillan's, and Miss De la Roche informed the late Hugh Eayrs of Macmillan's that she had an entry in the Atlantic contest. Canadian publisher for Atlantic and Little, Brown books was Oxford Press, a fact which was not lost on the astute Mr. Eayrs.

The Readers Wanted More

One day, during a friendly conversation, he mentioned to the late S. B. Gundy, then head of Oxford Press, that a Macmillan author had a story in the contest, and would Gundy mind if Macmillan's continued to handle Miss De la Roche's account should she chance to win. It was, he pointed out, a remote chance. Gundy generously agreed. Meanwhile, Miss De la Roche had tired of waiting for the judges' decision, and decided to withdraw her entry.

Before she could call the manuscript home, however, the results were out. S. B. Gundy walked into the jubilant Oxford Press offices to tell his men they were not to have the handling of the prize-winning novel after all. Happy Hugh Eayrs entertained Miss De la Roche at a Hunt Club dinner. Toronto presented her favorite daughter-of-the-moment with a handsome silver tea service. Miss De la Roche herself packed her bags and headed for England, not to return for 12 years.

She expected that first book about her Whiteoaks to be the last; but her readers had other ideas. They wanted to know what happened next. Her publishers agreed. Miss De la Roche baffled them all, but pleasantly, by not only writing of what happened next, but, in subsequent volumes, of what had befallen earlier in the purlieus of Jalna.

Taking the Whiteoak saga chronologically, their story starts with the emigration of fiery, beautiful Irish-woman Adeline Court Whiteoak and her handsome husband Philip, ex-officer of hussars in India, to Canada in 1859. Their voyage, their life in Quebec, the building of Jalna (named after Captain Philip's post in India) and the family church, which takes up at least a chapter in every one of the

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11 books, completes the first episode. "Mary Wakefield," the Literary Guild selection which will bring Americans up-to-date on Jalna in February, Canadians in March, skips some years to centre on Adeline's youngest son's second wife. Peculiarly enough, this last serving of Whiteoak family history is one of the lightest, happiest and most contrivance-free in the series.

In all the books the Whiteoaks eat, drink, shout, wench, quarrel, marry their brothers' wives, keep trysts in birch copses or on wet sand shores and in haylofts, and attend church religiously each Sunday, all this on such Herculean proportions that the reader gets a little breathless turning the pages. Mostly the scene is Jalna although at times one or another of the clan takes the reader to Ireland, London, Devon or New York. When they go to Toronto, the city isn't named.

The Jalna books have been called everything from soap opera to international classics. They are unique in Canadian letters in that they beat no national drums, feature no Mounties, sleigh dogs, Indians or lumberjacks, yet have inspired any amount of good feeling toward this country. As one German wrote Miss De la Roche lately, "These books work toward peace for they help us to understand how alike people are, how all of us think, feel, act, and react the same way . . ."

Of them Hugh Walpole said, "I defy any reader to turn the pages without an eager, almost trembling, excitement as to what comes next." The American critic, Sterling North, says, "Stylistically, Galsworthy is still Mazo de la Roche's superior. But if you ask which of these two masters of the novel has come closest to the vital and throbbing stuff of life itself, one must say Mazo de la Roche." And again, "The Whiteoaks are among the most real human beings in modern literature."

The Jalna Country

West of Toronto, the restful towns of Bronte, Clarkson and Erindale are dubbed "The Jalna Country," and off and on throughout the years vigorous arguments have raged as to the probable real-life equivalents of house, family, and family church. At swanky Toronto cocktail parties, handsome redheaded men have been pointed out while the whisper went about that there, actually, my dear, was the real Renny Whiteoak. One prominent family was for years in the shadow of the fictional one, everybody was so certain its members were the prototypes. Miss De la Roche says firmly and without qualification that outside of the fact that her great grandmother sailed out of Dublin and brought a painting of herself with her—which is precisely what Adeline Whiteoak did—all characters and incidents are fictitious.

"Of course," she'll add, "one observes life."

The house which Adeline and Philip Whiteoak built is so real to readers that some have sought to photograph it. Indeed, when you talk to Miss De la Roche about it, that particular product of her imagination takes on solidity. She says of her Toronto home, "Of course I know Jalna better than this house. I've lived here only two years, but I've known Jalna for over 21 years."

Miss De la Roche's daily fan mail takes an amazingly familiar tone with this family of hers. Correspondents have ranged from prime ministers to Dutch housewives. Shortly after the publication of one Jalna book, Sir Walter Lawrence, a friend of Miss De la Roche, started out to pay his respects to King George V at Buckingham Palace. As a token of his loyal

regard he tucked his fresh copy of the new book by the Canadian author under his arm. "How nice of you," Sir Walter reports the King as saying, "but I've read it already. Not only that, but the Queen has too."

One Aberdeen Scot wrote after the war to tell how the Whiteoaks had kept him company in a prison camp. It appears he was in a particularly vile camp, which functioned as a manning pool for salt mines the Germans had taken from the Russians. Wounded and mentally ill, the Scot stumbled on a ragged copy of Jalna in the prison library. He wolfed it and wrote the Red Cross in England for more. After that it was a race between the salt mines and the mail. On one horrific day, some 50 prisoners were lined up and the commandant began to count the doomed. Twenty-eight were sent that time, with the Jalna fan sweating 29th in the line. Two days before he was transferred to another camp, the requested Jalna books arrived. He stayed up nights to read them.

Baffled by Money

Then there is a Dutch woman doctor who has read six of the books. She read them "in the last years of the war when we had no light, no gas, no water, and hardly any food, when everything of culture which were passed from friend to friend." She describes Miss De la Roche's fictional characters as "our dear friends of the Whiteoak family."

Also, recently, a package reached Miss De la Roche from Germany. It contained a small carved cigarette box made of white oak, to resemble the American Whiteoak Edition of the Jalna stories. On the inside cover it carried the signatures of a group of displaced persons in a camp in the American zone.

At a Toronto tea party the conversation turned to the placing of DP's and the influx of immigrants. "Why do you suppose they choose Canada?" Miss De la Roche asked.

"Because they've read your books," another visitor returned quickly.

"Did they stay?" Miss De la Roche asked.

Another time she was asked why she had not named Toronto as "the large city" close to Jalna.

"In the first place," she said, "I had just intended to write that one book about the Whiteoaks, and it hadn't occurred to me to name any actual places. I might now, if I were doing

it all over again. Secondly, I suppose it's because Toronto has never quite figured as a world-known cosmopolitan centre."

"It might have been," the questioner said, "if you'd only named it in your books!"

Jalna was filmed by RKO Radio in the early 1930's. It was, however, the play, "Whiteoaks," which Miss De la Roche adapted from the book "The Whiteoaks Heritage," that proved most popular. It had a record run for a serious play in London of nearly three years, and it is still regularly reviewed in the provinces.

Miss De la Roche says in her wistfully vague manner, "I've made a good deal in royalties out of it, you know." About any other monetary matters she professes complete ignorance. "I'm frightfully sorry, but figures absolutely baffle me. I can't make them out at all."

She recalls how on her return from England with her cousin, the two children, the children's nurse and a canary, she found herself temporarily penniless. Her American publisher, who had already rented a furnished house for her, loaned her \$200 on the spot. For convenient handling she threw the bills on the top shelf of her clothes cupboard. She drew on this makeshift bank "until," she says with an air of bafflement, "one day there was no more."

Occasionally Miss De la Roche receives posters of play bills from Budapest, Antwerp or Paris and sits staring fascinated at photographs of the various interpretations of her brain children—most particularly of "Gran," who seems to be sweeping stages globally.

Nancy Price, the renowned English actress who played the first Little Lord Fauntleroy, switched to the other extreme to play a magnificent, hot-tempered, Adeline Whiteoak, the "Gran" of the play. One of "Gran's" foibles is the parrot she brought back from India when she and her handsome husband set out on their pioneering trek to Canada. This parrot is one of the major characters of the play. During the London performances the parrot decided that Nancy Price was a very fine type, and moped when she wasn't around. So the actress began taking the bird on walks, to dinner at night clubs, and so on. After a while, between the parrot and the domineering, charming, but powerful character of Adeline Whiteoak, the actress began to feel that she was losing her own personality. With somewhat grim

Answers to

THREE-PART HARMONY

(See Quiz on page 38)

1. Chico (The Marx Brothers).
2. Gaspar (The Three Wise Men).
3. Herminius (Keepers of the bridge of Rome).
4. Nod (They sailed in a wooden shoe).
5. Meshach (They were cast into the fiery furnace).
6. Atropos (The Three Fates).
7. Goneril (The daughters of King Lear).
8. Maxine (The Andrews Sisters).
9. Cottontail (Peter Rabbit's sisters).
10. Mussolini (Remember him?).
11. Aramis (The Three Musketeers).
12. Ham (The Three Sons of Noah).
13. Tinker (Baseball's greatest double-play combination).
14. The candlestick maker (another unconventional trio of mariners; they sailed in a tub).
15. Peep-Bo (Three little maids from school in "The Mikado").

amusement she told Mazo de la Roche, "I feel more like 'Gran' than myself. I'm even getting her characteristics."

In U. S. editions alone the *Jalna* books have sold about 1,600,000 copies. In England, where the *Jalna* series has been termed "a more robust Forsythe saga," they are perennially popular. The books have been translated into Italian, Spanish, Romanian, French, German, Finnish, Danish, Polish, Norwegian, Czech, Swedish, Portuguese, Dutch and Hungarian. They've also come out in Braille and in Tauchnitz editions.

Miss De la Roche heard about the Romanian edition from a visitor who had seen *Jalna* books in a Bucharest library. When the Romanian publisher was tracked down by Miss De la Roche's English publisher, he pointed out he had banked all the royalties but could not deliver them because of currency regulations. This proved to be correct. The royalties amounted to several million lei (Romanian currency), which caused the Canadian author to remark somewhat demurely, "In Romania, at least, I'm a multi-millionaire."

While born in Toronto, Mazo de la Roche spent her childhood mostly on a fruit and stock farm on the shore of Lake Ontario. She recalls it as "a very picturesque spot, with the great expanse of the lake at our very door, and the gulls walking over the plowed fields. Indians came to huts on the farm each season to pick strawberries raspberries and cherries. This was the scene of my first novel, 'Possession,' published in 1923."

Author at Nine

But even before that, she had started writing. As an intense, brown-eyed, brown-haired, thin child, in love with the woods, gardens, dogs and horses, she submitted a short story in a competition for boys and girls under 16 and, though not winning it, got an enthusiastic note from the contest editor saying that if she fulfilled this early promise her career as a writer was assured. She was then at the ripe age of nine.

Her father, William Richmond de la Roche, called her Mazo for a Spanish friend, assuring his wife that if he could name their first-born she could name all subsequent offspring. There were no others. However, Cousin Caroline Clement moved in to become an adopted sister. After Mazo's father died, her mother, Alberta de la Roche, and the family had to move to Toronto. The two small girls found endless amusement in putting on the plays Mazo wrote.

There was one incident which was so near to heartbreak it remains unforgettable. Mazo was about 12 when she wrote a play which she felt privately was the masterpiece of all time. She had cast herself as a cavalier of Charles II's court and decked herself out in red woolen underdrawers belonging to her grandfather, a handsome jacket, a sword and a feathered hat. The performance was to be at the home of a matriarchal Victorian friend of the family. This grand dame took one startled glance at the actress-playwright and declared the costume improper. Mazo strode up and down the hall outside the drawingroom, her boots squeaking and the sword clanking to a tune of enraged sobs. Finally the stormy grief melted the old lady's heart and the show went on.

Miss Clement recalls, "It was quite a good play, too." She had been its heroine.

In later years Miss De la Roche once entered two one-act plays in separate competitions, won both prizes.

Mazo de la Roche was educated at home. She studied art, but the only thing remaining of that period is the drawing board she uses to write her books on. After her mother's death, Caroline took a job while Mazo continued writing. Her first book of short stories, "Explorers of the Dawn," was published by Alfred Knopf in 1922. Her second book, "Possession," came out the following year, the third, "Delight," in 1926.

Immediately after "*Jalna*," the girls sailed for England, which somehow had always seemed to them their spiritual home. There Miss De la Roche acquired three houses, one in Devonshire on the edge of the moors, which was destroyed by the Nazi bombers later. Here "*Finch's Fortune*" was written. Another was a Georgian house in the Malvern Hills, and she remembers the Black Mountains of Wales looming beyond her study windows. Then her play was being produced in London and she bought a house in Windsor, just 25 minutes by train from town. This was the old Elizabethan house after which she had a wing modeled in her Canadian country place at Thornhill, near Toronto, on her return.

When one thinks of Mazo de la Roche and the Whiteoaks, her imaginary people with their violence, vitality and feeling seem the more real. They are, in fact, so robust and full-blooded that I cannot help but state a small fear. It is that before Miss De la Roche gets down to writing her next *Jalna* books the Whiteoaks may write a story about her. And they certainly won't have any truck with her hobby of privacy. ★

Gangway for a Warhorse

Continued from page 13

importance than any government utterance.

Then came Cripps' first full budget in the spring of 1948. Determined to curb inflation he asked, but really demanded, that there should be no further increase in wages or the distribution of profits. Further than that he penalized the thrifty by making a capital levy on invested income.

This was more than a political move, it was a challenge to human nature. In a perfect world you might persuade athletes to run just as hard for sweat as for sweets, but not in an imperfect world. He had taken away incentive both to management and workers. He had also injured the national savings movement. Worse than that he had, by his heavy direct and indirect

taxation, given another stimulus to the British weakness for gambling.

However, the Marshall plan once more brought confidence to the Government and the country. Also, in fairness, industry was working well and the gap between exports and imports was beginning to narrow. Cripps predicted that solvency was not far off.

So up went the Socialist barometer again. A little later the Conservative Party held its annual summer conference at Llandudno. Churchill did not turn up until the last day. He had a tremendous reception from the Tory delegates who felt that at last they were to hear the true Conservative policy from their immortal leader.

But Churchill, the historian and man of destiny, was not thinking on party lines. The world is his parish and he was speaking to the world. In substance it was a demand that we should have a showdown with Russia and

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force a settlement of outstanding differences while we had the advantage of the atomic bomb.

The Tories were chilled and then resentful. He could have made that speech anywhere to any audience, so why choose the party conference? The Socialists were jubilant. Now they could brand Churchill as a warmonger and scare the electorate. Once again the mutterings against his leadership started among the Tories at Westminster. Churchill was conscious of it but did not seem unduly worried.

Finally, there came the Truman election result and the Socialists nearly lit bonfires in the street. Glory hallelujah! The whole world was going Left. It is true that the corruption tribunal had begun its enquiries and a by-election in the North London borough of Edmonton was about to take place, but the Socialists were not worried about that. The Socialist majority in 1945 was over 19,000 and, besides, it was a working-class district. Just one more by-election victory, just one more nail in the Conservative coffin . . .

As you know, the Edmonton result was sensational. The huge 19,000 majority went crashing down to 3,000. One last push and the Tories could have won it. The Government rocked on its heels and fell back against the ropes.

The whole political scene had been transformed. Churchill leaped to the attack, not on cheap party points, but on broad fundamental issues. He had never spoken better, he had never been more completely in command of his mental and physical energy. The Tories behind him forgot their grumblings and shouted encouragement. The Socialists sat back and did not dare to interrupt him. Once more he was speaking for the nation and, when it came to foreign affairs, he was speaking for western civilization.

It was in the foreign affairs debate that Churchill supplied a moment of intense drama. He had been accused of wanting war with Russia, he had been accused of helping to cause the breach with Russia, he had been accused of deliberately dividing the world into two hostile camps.

A Message to Stalin

Pausing in his speech he reached for a page among his papers and held it in his hand. "On April the 29th, 1945," he said slowly, "I poured out my heart to one whom I called 'My dear friend Stalin.'"

The House became tense. With that swift of perception that marks the British Parliament there was a recognition on all sides that we were experiencing a great moment in history. Something was about to be revealed that might profoundly alter the trend of events.

"I wrote to Stalin," said Churchill, "in these terms:

"There is not much comfort in looking into a future where you and the countries you dominate are lined up on one side, and the English-speaking nations and their associates and Dominions are on the other. It is quite obvious that their quarrel would tear the world to pieces, and that all of us leading men on either side who had anything to do with that would be shamed before history. Even to embark on a long period of suspicion, of abuse and counterabuse, and of opposing policies, would be a disaster hampering the great development of world prosperity for the masses which will be attained only by our trinity. I hope there is no word or phrase in this outpouring of my heart to you, Mr. Stalin, which unwittingly gives offense

to you. If there is, let me know. But do not, I beg of you, my friend, under-rate the divergencies which are opening about matters which you may think are small, but which are symbolic of the way in which the English-speaking democracies look at life."

His voice came to an end. He was so deeply moved that he waited before he could trust his voice, holding the House quiet and motionless with his upraised hand.

"I believed that this trinity," he said, "would have opened a golden age to mankind."

Then the river burst its banks. Cheers upon cheers swept the Chamber, and there were unashamed tears as well. This man of greatness and simplicity had seen the gathering storm which would follow the war with Germany and he had tried to deflect the lightning. I think most of us that day, regardless of party, felt that we were in the presence of an immortal.

Mr. Churchill is now enjoying one of his periodic booms. When he entered the Commons on his 74th birthday, looking like a mischievous cherub, the whole House cheered him.

Afterward in the smoke room a few of us had a chat with Churchill and I

must say that he looked literally in the pink. It reminded us of the time that some woman said he looked like her baby. "Madam," said Churchill, "put a cigar in any baby's mouth and he will look like me."

A few weeks ago the newspapers published photographs of him on horseback attending a hunt. There he was with a hat which was something between a Victorian political relic and a gamekeeper's headpiece—and he was smoking a cigar! I suspect that his purpose was not so much to risk his neck over fences as to show his disapproval of a private Socialist members' bill to do away with fox hunting because of its cruelty.

Perhaps the illness of King George makes the British people turn toward the man who, next to the King, seems to represent the permanency of Britain's destiny. At any rate, whatever the cause, Churchill has entered into his 75th year in good health and high spirit, asking only one thing—to take the burden of the world once more upon his shoulders.

What will happen at the next General Election?

The hard core of the Socialist vote will not change. Neither will the hard

CANADIANECDOTE



The Lifesaving Doves

ONE of the best dishes of French Canada is the "tourtière," a meat pie made with pork or half pork and half chicken. It owes its name to the game bird that was the most plentiful and frequently eaten by the colonists in the early days of Quebec: the "tourte" or wood dove that is now extinct, but which used to land in myriads in the forests along the St. Lawrence River.

But French Canada owes more to this vanished bird than the name of a gourmet's dish, however. It owes a dramatic rescue of many of the inhabitants of the river seigneuries from starvation.

It was during the first grim winter after the capture of Quebec in 1759, when the habitants of the south shores of the St. Lawrence began returning from their hiding places in the deep forest. They found their villages burned, their fields stripped. One of the severest winters in their memory was soon upon

them—a winter to be lived through without cattle or crops, household furniture or even mills to grind what little grain had been harvested from outlying fields.

For most of the winter they managed to subsist on game from the nearby forests, fish from the frozen streams and scanty hoardings of grain they ground between stones, Indian-fashion. By early spring even these meagre sources of food gave out. Starvation was at hand.

Then the wood doves suddenly appeared, migrating far ahead of their usual season and in such numbers as had never been seen before. They settled in hundreds in every open field, were so thick they could easily be killed with sticks. The devout habitants saw this miracle of nature as a direct intervention of heaven. They called it the manna of the *tourtes*.—Mrs. H. E. Vautelet.

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core of the Conservative vote. The bewildered and disheartened Liberal vote will be divided among the three parties, and I doubt if more than a dozen Liberal M.P.'s will be returned.

This is an election that will be decided by the floating vote of two or three millions. My prediction is that it will go largely to Churchill and the Conservatives who will be returned with a majority of about 40.

Mr. Churchill has no illusions about the nature of his task if he is called back to office. In 1940 he faced the situation and made the nation face it as well with stark realism. Now nearly nine years later and being nine years older he knows that the difficulties will

be almost as great and that the chances of glory will not exist.

History tells him that successful war leaders recalled to power in the disillusionment of peace shed their popularity and are even stoned like the Duke of Wellington. Nor will he be able to finish his history of the war unless he relies on others to do most of the work, which would affront his artistic conscience. Yet he will accept office in the deep and sincere belief that, more than any other man, he can restore the unity and dignity of Britain.

"I hope that we shall be equal to the task," he said to a few of us the other day, "for it will be a heavy one." ★

Do Whistling Wolves Bite?

Continued from page 9

went about in sheik's clothing. He was the Latin lover who slicked down his hair and gave a sickly impersonation of Valentino.

Going further back, the man who made the ladies duck behind their parasols was the man who made goo-goo eyes. In Houston, Tex., there still exists a civic ordinance prohibiting the making of goo-goo eyes, and in 1944 a wolf was fined for violating it!

Who Called Him That?

A boys' counselor sums up with this observation: "The wolf is just the sheik or the masher dressed in the Bold Look and ready to give out with the Bold Leer."

But the Rev. Murray A. Cayley, instructor in social relations at the Rochester Institute of Technology, says they are infantile, undisciplined and lazy. Further on in this article he'll tell you why.

How the wolf got his name is anyone's guess. Standard dictionaries nearly all define the word, as applied to man, as "a fierce, rapacious or destructive person," an indication that the word sprang from a quite legitimate source. In American slang the word has long been associated with sex as a synonym for all sorts of sex pervert and lascivious male. The phrase "to see a wolf"—meaning to be seduced—was a colloquialism in 19th-century England. It is only since the United States entry in World War II that wolf has assumed its present meaning.

The experts are agreed that just as the modern wolf is bolder than most of his predecessors, he is also more common. A Montreal dancing teacher, Helen Reddy, said recently at the completion of five years and 17,000 miles in the arms of hundreds of males: "Not all men are wolves—just the healthy ones."

The subspecies of wolf also seem to be without limit, ranging all the way from the high-school boy whose whistle is worse than his bite to the predatory wolf who operates complete with etchings and highly dishonorable intentions.

Hank, a 29-year-old RCAF veteran and fourth-year student at University of Toronto, has in mind the latter type of wolf when he says, "A wolf is a guy who goes out after one thing." Another type of wolf is personified by Hank himself. Sometimes he and his male friends "honk" at girls they pass on the street, giving one "honk" to a girl adjudged "fair," two to one considered "good," three for "excellent" and four for "outstanding."

In high-school circles there are at least two kinds of wolf, in the opinion of Dr. Seeley, a sociologist with the National Committee for Mental Hy-

giene, and the high-school girl uses the word in two alternate senses.

"One is the type of boy whom she considers to be harmless, who gives her public recognition with a whistle, without going beyond the limit she is willing to tolerate," he says. "The other type is the boy who from her point of view is actually a physical danger. He is the boy who wants to do more than just kiss her good night."

The wolf may be many things to many people, but one thing he is not is a sex degenerate, a molester of women who goes beyond the law. If the wolf does get rough there are all kinds of legal traps to ensnare him. If he uses obscene language or obstructs a woman on the street, the police can pounce on him. The charge in one case would be using profane language in a public place; in the other, the charge would be one of incommoding. If he touches a woman, perhaps to stop her, he may face a charge of common assault. If he goes further, pushes her or becomes violent, the charge may be indecent assault. There are enough laws, then, to curb the man who does more than whistle and becomes a serious annoyance. When in doubt, the cop's trump card is vagrancy, a charge that actually does cover a multitude of sins. The whistler, however, is quite within the law and the worst that can happen to him is that the cop on the beat might ask him to move along.

Watch the Quiet Ones

When subjected to the vivisection of the psychologist and sociologists, the wolf is seen in two sharply contrasting lights. He is seen as a healthy symptom of a new and more honest approach to sex. Or he is seen as just the opposite, as a sign of increasing licentiousness.

Dr. Reva Gerstein, well known Toronto psychologist, is a champion of the wolf "who doesn't go too far" because, she says, "He is a healthy symptom, for wolfing is, after all, merely an honest expression of how a man feels toward a woman."

To her it is a way of "breaking away from many of the taboos which complicate and harm normal boy and girl relations."

"The fact that wolfing is carried on and is tolerated by women (I think most girls consider it a compliment to be whistled at) shows a desire on the part of both sexes to openly express their feelings toward one another," she contends.

The wolf, then, may be okay as a symbol, but what if he quits symbolizing and goes into action? Is he dangerous? Not often, says Dr. Gerstein, because he's so obvious.

"You know where you stand with a wolf, as you do with any person who calls a spade a spade," she says. "The strong silent type who keeps you guessing is the man who needs watching."

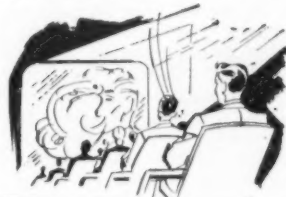
Dr. Seeley agrees that the wolf is a

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pretty harmless sort of critter. He says, in effect, that the heavy kiddier, who is the type of man most often called a wolf, is the person who is most unlikely to have any startling secrets to tell Dr. Kinsey.

"It is actually true," he says, "that adults who go in for heavy kidding and talk a good deal in terms of action are certainly not sexual athletes. It is doubtful if they are even sexually adequate."

To him the wolf's fast line is a verbal substitute for real sex behavior.

In the same way, he believes the junior wolf who operates on the high-school campus "appeases the natural sex urge by this ritual play of wolfing" and possibly finds in wolfing a protection against carrying out seduction.

Dr. Seeley thinks there is little danger of the boy who whistles today graduating to seduction tomorrow. He contends that there are two alternate types of boy wolf, the whistler and the potential seducer, and that the one is not a stage in the development of the other.

The lone wolf is the one to be most wary of, in the view of Prof. Ketchum. He explains the most common, acceptable kind of wolfing as essentially a part of a group behavior pattern. The lone wolf is the one who does not conform to this pattern. He is not well-integrated in the group and so refuses to accept the unwritten rules for sex conduct observed by the majority.

Vulgar But Not Harmful

Adolescent wolfing is just a device a boy employs to fluster through his first encounters with the opposite sex, Prof. Ketchum says. It takes courage for a boy to make his first sally into this unknown territory so he joins with the gang in whistling at girls and together they find the necessary courage. There is the added satisfaction that this qualifies him for membership in the gang.

"Wolfing allows youngsters to do something in the sex field and develop sex-consciousness without doing anything that may be considered dangerous," he says.

When the Army took up wolfing, Prof. Ketchum explains, it was a regression to adolescence, as are most things which happen in a military unit. The Army also helped sanctify wolfing. "Even a straitlaced prohibitionist is apt to smile at a soldier out on a tear," he says in explanation of why we looked tolerantly on the wolf in uniform.

Our postwar acceptance of wolfing is another matter. It signifies that our attitude toward sex is changing, but not, as some people may believe, that our inhibitions are disappearing altogether. They never disappear, says Prof. Ketchum, they only change.

In the 20's, the era of "flaming youth," when the wolf of the day put on his raccoon coat and climbed into a rumble seat with a flask of gin and his best girl, we experienced one change. Now we are experiencing another.

"Over the past 10 years especially," says Prof. Ketchum, "girls have been drawing up new rules as to what is permitted and what is not. The point where they draw the line may be more advanced than where their grandmothers and mothers drew it, but the fact remains they do draw a line."

A Toronto junior high-school principal, Len Chellew, describes wolfing as being vulgar but not particularly harmful. He links it with the desire by some adolescents to be "big shots." "Some boys," he says, "whistle and make passes as much to maintain their positions as big shots as they do to satisfy any sex drives." The boy who drives his father's car to school to impress the

girls is indulging in a form of wolfing which might best be discouraged, says Mr. Chellew.

Classes in human relations during which the students discuss almost every phase of human behavior are among the most popular classes at Mr. Chellew's school in Forest Hill. Before term's end wolfing will most likely be a topic for discussion. Mr. Chellew is confident the students will frown on it, agree it's vulgar and causes embarrassment to both the boy and girl involved.

The violent antiwolfists, who look upon wolfing as "free enterprise applied to sex," blast the wolf as a "shady, infantile and lazy character."

Reverend Murray A. Cayley, instructor in social relations at the Rochester Institute of Technology, scorns the theory that wolfism is an honest expression of man's natural interest in women and therefore is a healthy symptom.

"It is also natural interest for man to desire ownership of property," he says. "Getting it by shady means is not honest or healthy."

"Wolfism is a short-cut technique typical of the immature and undisciplined personality. I am well aware that many spiritual panhandlers seek to share the privileges of society without accepting its responsibilities. That is typical of the wolf personality. I know of nothing really great in life that is not achieved without a high degree of personal discipline."

Neither will Mr. Cayley accept the proposition that whistling is a safety valve, a substitute for seduction.

"The whistle, which might be termed a mating call, is an attempt at substituting something for an intelligent and our socialized approach to courtship," he argues.

"The wolf sees a skirt which is particularly revealing, whistles or toots his horn. If he discovers when in front of the girl that she is ugly, he does any one of a number of ungracious things and speeds away."

"It all appeals to the wolf's infantile desire to escape proven social patterns. We have become absorbed by a philosophy of laissez-faire. This leads almost without exception to techniques of escape from responsibility, which wolfing certainly is."

A Wolf's Mother Speaks

Another who frowns back at the wolf is Captain Mary Webb, a Salvation Army social worker whose opinions are backed by years of experience in helping wayward girls. For one thing, she says, street-corner wolfing is not chivalrous. For another, our carefree acceptance of it is an indication that our youth has become too sophisticated and flippant in its attitude toward sex. This she blames on the movies, radio and popular novels which have glamorized sex.

The church should rally a general attack on the movies, radio and book publishers, says Captain Webb. So far, in her view, the church has been too silent or, when it has spoken, too prosaic. (Two ministers interviewed at her suggestion could see no harm in wolfing. Said one, Rev. Ray McCleary of Toronto's Woodgreen Community Centre: "The wolf? Oh, he's nothing, just what we used to call the killer-diller.")

The police lean toward the camp of the antiwolfists. Street-corner wolfing might be okay, say the police, if it stopped at whistling, but too often it doesn't. The chief constable of a large eastern city claims these lamppost Lotharios think nothing of propositioning a strange girl as she passes a crowd of them. "Our constables have orders to keep 'em moving, they're

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definitely a menace," the chief says.

The wolf has been given his innings. What about his victims? Do they like to be whistled at? Do they consider it a compliment that offsets the indignity of his advance?

Some say they like, some say they don't, but most prefer to keep the wolf guessing.

A Toronto matron, herself the mother of three wolves and a daughter who is wolfed, says the girls love it. "The wolf whistle is a way of saying, 'Oh, aren't you lovely,'" she claims.

Gladys, a receptionist in a doctor's office, who appears more attractive than is generally considered to be legal, finds she enjoys it—in retrospect.

"You feel sort of funny inside when you're wolfed by a crowd of boys on the street," says Gladys. "It makes you feel self-conscious and just a little cheap. But that passes off, and darned if it isn't nice to have been noticed."

What Do the Girls Say?

A group of girls who are probably exposed to more men than are any others in the land are the smartly uniformed streetcar guides employed by the Toronto Transportation Commission. They get plenty of requests for dates during a day's work, but once they explain company rules forbid them to accept dates on the job the wolves usually draw in their fangs.

"It breaks the monotony," explains one attractive TTC girl. "Most of the fellows who go by our corner in trucks or cabs whistle or wave and we shout 'Hi ya' back. Undignified? Not on your life! Just friendly."

Girls in their 20's seem to adopt two different attitudes toward the wolf, depending on his age.

Mildred, an attractive store clerk, puts it this way: "If a bunch of young kids whistle at me, I often smile back or make some crack. They take it in good fun, they know a smile is as far as it goes. But if older fellows do it, I freeze up. You can't afford to give them any encouragement. Still I don't mind it. Not every girl is pretty enough to be whistled at."

Mary, a 17-year-old high-school girl, thinks Mildred flatters herself. "Gosh, it's no compliment to me," she says. "Nowadays the boys will whistle at anything."

But lest the wolf get overconfident, he should be warned there are plenty of girls who are determined to keep him away from their door. They're ready to fend him off with a hatpin or a good right-cross to the nose.

Esther, a secretary, is one of them. At the mention of the word "wolf," Esther screws up a tiny, well-manicured fist and says, vehemently: "I'd like to punch every one of them on the nose!"

The wolf has an even more violent effect on Irene, a dress shop salesgirl whose very good looks are likely to have a still more violent effect on a good many males, wolves or otherwise. Irene huffs and she puffs and blows the wolf down with this cyclonic comment:

"The wolf is either conceited or cowardly, or probably both. When he whistles at a girl, he thinks she's pleased. That is conceit. When he tries to pick her up with a whistle and a fast line, it's because he hasn't the courage to approach girls properly and under the proper circumstances. That's when he's cowardly."

Isabel, Irene's attractive girl friend, agrees the wolf will never win any medals for courage. Says she: "The whistler's not a wolf, he's a weasel."

If the wolf insists on prowling, after that, his best bet is to whistle at good-looking psychologists only. For the psychologist, not the blonde, is the wolf's best friend. ★

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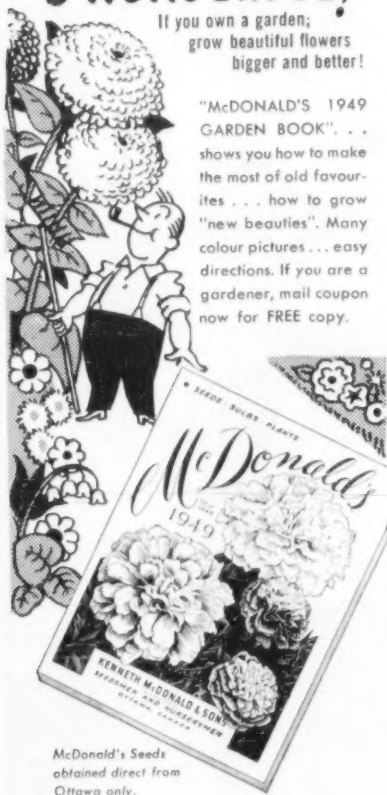
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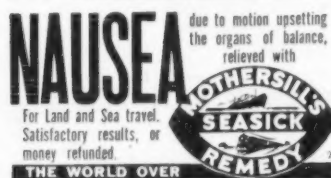
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Bread's Other Spread

Continued from page 15

big producers of margarine, Canada Packers Ltd. of Toronto, has its mixing plant in a room with floor space no bigger than an average bungalow. But here is the operation where the real margarine know-how comes into play. Canada had plenty of refining experts when the margarine race started, men who possessed the necessary savvy and needed only time to get it working. Experts were called in from the U. S. to get Canada's margarine plants rolling. Canada's first big batches of margarine came off the rollers with the help of a U. S. margarine firm, Best Foods Inc., which sent a small amount of equipment to Canada Packers.

The first margarine to reach store shelves, however, came from a smaller maker, Associated Producers, Ltd., of Burnaby, B.C., which had been making mayonnaise.

Here's the Recipe

What goes into margarine? Here is the exact recipe of the Canadian product:

Vegetable fats and oils—80%. A few Canadian producers may later use some fats and oils of animal origin, but so far Canadian margarine has been entirely a vegetable-oil product.

Buttermilk—16.5%.

Salt—2.5%. A special fine variety is used which melts quickly in the mouth to impart a flavor without leaving a lingering taste of salt. The salt content of Canadian margarine will vary slightly, depending on the part of the Dominion in which it is to be marketed. Maritimers, for example, like their salt, and producers say the Maritime market may demand a margarine with a salt content as high as 3.5 or 4%.

Lecithin—one tenth to one fifth of one per cent. Lecithin is a chemical byproduct of the refining of vegetable oils. It is an antispattering agent which will keep your margarine from spattering all over the kitchen ceiling when you use it for frying.

Emulsifier—one tenth to one fifth of one per cent. To the chemist, margarine belongs in a class of products known as "water-in-oil emulsions." The water is contained in the buttermilk. When water is mixed with an oil, the water remains as minute droplets held in suspension and there can be no thorough mixing of the two. The emulsifier is a chemical which keeps the water droplets of a uniform size and prevents them from uniting into bigger drops.

It Has Vitamins Now

Vitamin A—only a trace. Less than half a pound in every one-ton batch of margarine is all that is needed. Originally, margarine was far inferior nutritionally to butter because the margarine lacked vitamin A and butter had plenty of it. This was the dairyman's biggest argument against margarine—and it was a good one. But now the margarine men get around this by fortifying their product artificially with the vitamin. A small quantity of highly concentrated fish-liver oil which has been extensively treated to remove its fish odors and flavors is added to the margarine to give it vitamin A. Canadian producers are awaiting government regulations which will tell them how much vitamin A they must use, but in the meantime they are putting in 16,000 International Units of vitamin A per pound of margarine. (U. S. regulations require only 9,000 units per pound.) The vitamin A

content can be controlled so that it remains exactly the same the year round.

Butter's vitamin A content varies widely at different seasons and is highest in spring when cows are out on fresh pasture. It averages 15,000 to 16,000 units per pound in summer but may be much lower in winter when cows are stable fed.

Carotene—again only a trace. This is a yellow pigment found in many plants and vegetables. Its purpose in the margarine recipe is to give the product a color resembling that of butter. It is the same substance which, when eaten by cows, gives butter its natural yellow hue.

Yellow or White?

Producers have their fingers crossed, fearing the Government may bow to the demands of dairymen and prevent the coloring of margarine. Dairymen claim that margarine, if colored to resemble butter, might be sold as butter.

Margarine firms are anxious to color their product. They say the public is accustomed to the yellow of butter and expects the same appearance in margarine. Most of the U. S. margarine is sold white with a coloring capsule in the package which the housewife can add in her own kitchen and thus avoid a tax.

Benzoate of soda—one tenth of one per cent. This, the final ingredient, functions solely as a preservative.

This is the complete margarine recipe. There are no secret formulas or undivulged ingredients. But that first item—vegetable fats and oils, 80%—needs enlargement. Originally the main ingredient of margarine was oleo oil derived from beef fat, and for this reason the product became known as oleomargarine. But about 25 years ago improved methods of refining and handling the vegetable oils made them more desirable than oleo, and, in the years since, oleo has been used progressively less until today it plays a minor role in margarine making.

Canada, however, will probably make limited use of another animal fat—whale oil. One big Canadian producer states that only vegetable oils will be used in its margarine, another, may use fairly large quantities of whale oil when its margarine production gets under way. Since about 1935 whale oil has been the main oil used by Britain's margarine industry, and it is also an ingredient of Newfoundland margarine.

Canada proper has no deep-sea whaling fleet but Newfoundland has a small one. With the new demands of the margarine industry and with the Newfoundland fleet as a nucleus, Canada within the next few years may join Britain and Norway as an important whaling nation.

Hydrogen for Stiffening

But most of the oils that will pour into the vats of Canada's margarine plants will be vegetable oils. Although no one can be certain yet, a survey of the Canadian firms producing and planning to produce margarine indicates that the "big four" in Canada will be soybean, cottonseed, coconut and peanut oils, probably ranking in that order of importance. Number five will be whale oil. Other oils that Canadian margarine manufacturers will occasionally use are palm oil, corn oil, sesame oil and sunflower seed oil.

The refining of these oils takes them through miles of piping and through a bewildering series of chemical processes. The oils start out as greasy, dirty, smelly brews—some of them yellow, some brown, some black—but they

all emerge as a clear, tasteless, odorless liquid, light amber in color, that resembles slightly thickened ginger ale without the fizz.

The final stage in preparing oils for margarine is a hardening process, known technically as hydrogenation because it involves adding hydrogen gas to the oil. Margarine must be a solid or semisolid substance at room temperature. Because of this, the only oils that could be used during the early years of the industry were oleo, coconut and palm. Then, shortly after 1900, it was found that by adding hydrogen atoms chemically to the molecules of oils and fats, their melting points could be raised so that liquid oils became solids.

Hydrogenation is necessary in shortening and soap manufacture and was not new to Canada with the arrival of margarine. Of the new tricks of the trade that Canadian technicians have had to learn to produce our own margarine, the first has been the treatment of skimmed milk to get buttermilk—the initial step in the processing.

Margarine factories keep on hand a small supply of skimmed milk containing the ripening bacteria in their laboratories. This is the bacteria culture, or the "starter." Every day when a newly pasteurized batch of skimmed milk is pumped into the vats, it is inoculated with a pint or so of the "starter" and left about 18 hours for the bacteria to reproduce and grow. Bacterial action turns the skimmed milk into buttermilk. When its taste is just right it is cooled so that the bacteria go to sleep on the job and the buttermilk is held until needed for margarine.

From Liquid to Solid

We've gathered our raw materials from all corners of the world, we have them all prepared, now we're ready to really mix a batch of margarine.

The salt and benzoate of soda are added to the buttermilk; the lecithin, emulsifying agent, coloring and vitamin A to the vegetable oils. Then everything (around 2,000 gallons in an average batch) is pumped into a heated stainless-steel vat about six feet high and six feet across, known as a margarine churn. Within the vat are two blades which revolve in opposite directions, something like a kitchen egg beater. Within a few minutes they beat the mixture of oil and buttermilk into a creamy yellowish emulsion.

The liquid is now drained through refrigerated cooling tanks. As it begins to thicken with the cold, it flows out over a revolving drum in a thin film which solidifies immediately. The margarine is scraped off the drum by a metal blade and drops in a cascade of brittle flakes into a truck or onto a conveyor belt below. It is hard and tough now, but is beginning to look like the margarine which reaches your table.

Next it is fed through pairs of steel rollers which are revolving at different speeds to produce a kneading effect. The kneading is continued as the slabs of margarine tumble onto a rotating table where they are beaten and rolled by large paddles.

All this pounding and kneading softens the margarine, gives it plasticity and a smooth homogeneous texture, and squeezes out surplus water that has accumulated from the buttermilk. The final operation before it is ready for trucking to the grocery store is weighing and packaging.

The factors which brought about margarine's invention parallel in some respects those which gave it to Canadians for a five-year period from 1917,

Continued on page 48

MAILBAG

Baxter's Christmas Essay Lauded

I wish to express my appreciation of the article "If Christ Came Today," by Beverley Baxter (Dec. 15). I always enjoy his articles but I think this one is the best yet. He has said what should have been said long ago by a man of his standing. He has placed the struggle in its true position, a conflict or a war against God.—N. C. Abercrombie, Vancouver.

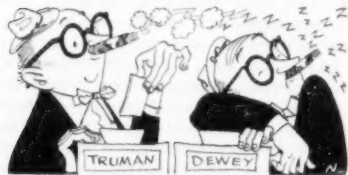
• Mr. Baxter sermonizes in the Dec. 15 issue and why not — the Dean of Canterbury plays politics! Both are ministers, one supporting the love of money which Christ said is "the root of all evil," the other supporting death to all who oppose. The true mission of these two ministers was for one to guide the thinking of the people into God's way of life (not Stalin's), the other was to see that God's way of life was set up in our nation. Both have, from this angle, failed . . . with the result that the Devil is setting up two evils—Communism and our love of money—against one another with the object of destroying God's created.—Carlton S. Hester, Creston, B. C.

• That Christmas article by B. Baxter is a classic—both a sermon and a prayer.—E. North-Scott, Port Colborne, Ont.

• I believe that the fact of your making Mr. Baxter's words available to the public will help greatly toward the peace of the world.—Margaret L. Nevill, Burnaby, B. C.

Minority Rule?

Your editorial "Voters Aren't Robots After All" must have been good because it annoyed this reader so deeply. In my opinion you seem to have missed the significance of the American vote. Science was not wrong. More people . . . wanted Dewey . . . than . . . wanted Truman . . . Science told them this so



they just felt sure of the result so didn't exert themselves to vote . . . No, the people in the United States are not governed by the majority but the minority for the next four years. Science did not take into account its own power when it miscalculated so badly.—Pauline Black, Prince Rupert, B.C.

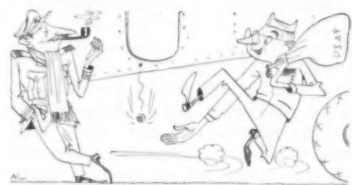
Tongue in Cheek

The criticism by Mrs. Jack Patterson of Vinia Hoogstraten (Mailbag, Dec. 1) leads me to believe that life would indeed be a grim business if one could

not recognize a tongue so obviously in the cheek . . . Mrs. Patterson would probably consider it the straw that broke the camel's back to know that one of Mrs. Hoogstraten's children is a girl.—Peggy Gillelan, Toronto.

U. S. Nuts

From editorial (Dec. 15). Such a way to speak of a member of the ground crew! "An American B29 has 225,000 bolts; if a nut dropped off one of them at a British base only another nut from the United States could replace it." Anyway the American chappie could do it.—Mrs. Arthur C. Norwich, Toronto.



Little-Known History

What kind of guys are you down there anyway? This week's Dec. 1 Canadianecdoté ("He Traded Canada For a Dowry") is simply a straight piece of Canadian history! I have on my bookshelves 30 volumes of the Makers of Canada and I have read them all from cover to cover—some of them several times! You state: "For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past." What kind of history do you teach in your schools if this "incident" is to be considered little-known? Wm. E. G. Crisford.

Perhaps Mr. Crisford knows more history than the average Canadian, or at least more than the average Maclean's editor.—The Editors.

Wrong Kent County

There is something strangely familiar about the second item of Parade, Dec. 15 (about the bootlegger who kept his liquor cached in a prohibitionist's gravestone), that is, everything but the locale. Unless I am very much mistaken the events referred to took place in Kent County, NEW BRUNSWICK, definitely not Ontario (as Maclean's said). I can well imagine the maledictions called down upon all those who would slight the county wherein the only Canadian to become P.M. of Great Britain (Bonar Law) first saw the light of day . . . Small wonder if this is all construed as just another example of "that Ontario provincialism."—E. L. O'Leary, Ottawa.

Hardly provincialism. The story did indeed come from N. B. but no Ontario hand touched it. It was rewritten by an editor from B. C., edited by an editor from Quebec and checked by a researcher from Saskatchewan. Somewhere the county got misplaced.—The Editors.

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Continued from page 46
and have again placed it on our tables —this time, perhaps, to stay.

Early in the 1870's, during the Franco-Prussian War, France's dairy herds had been decimated and butter was so expensive that only the rich could afford it. The public was clamoring that the Government do something about it. In desperation, Emperor Napoleon III offered a cash prize to anyone who could produce a nutritious, tasty, butter substitute. A leading French chemist, Mege Mouriés, noticed that starving cows produced milk with a normal fat content for a long time. He concluded that milk fat was secondary product not derived directly from the food eaten, but from the suet or body deposits of the cow. Could he find a way, then, to duplicate the processes that took place in the cow's body?

The First Margarine

Mouriés suspected that the substance which broke down the beef suet and converted part of it into butterfat

was the pepsin secreted in the cow's stomach. He melted beef suet and mixed it with pepsin to see what would happen. In this manner he obtained the soft, yellowish fat substance we now know as oleo. He mixed this with milk and water, added a small quantity of macerated cow's udder because he thought the glands of the udder were responsible for the final transformation into butterfat, and churned all together. When the liquid cooled, there were lumps of butterlike fat floating in it. Mege Mouriés kneaded these lumps, added salt—and the first margarine, though little like our modern product, had been produced. Napoleon's prize was his.

Hollanders, however, were the first to exploit the discovery, and Dutch factories were soon exporting the product to England under the name of "butterine." In 1887 English dairymen cried that "dishonest Dutchmen" were trying to imitate butter with "a fraudulent product" and demanded that it be kept out of the country. The British Parliament agreed that the name was a misrepresentation, but ruled that the

product would be allowed into Britain if it were called "margarine" instead. About the same time Canada's dairymen raised such a hue and cry that they succeeded in having the substitute banned entirely from Canada.

Margarine's feud with the dairymen has raged unabated ever since. Dairymen of several countries have succeeded in hobbling the industry with legislation of various kinds, such as the anticoloring tax in the U. S., but Canada has been the only country to throw the basic creed of free enterprise to the winds and ban margarine holubolus.

Its opponents lost a valuable anti-margarine battleground when British researchers in 1927 learned how to add vitamin A artificially to their margarine. Before this event the dairymen could claim that margarine was less nourishing than butter. Their nutrition plank is now splintered to slivers. Food analysts say that modern margarine is nutritionally equal to butter, and may even excel butter in winter. As for the taste of margarine, 1949 version . . . well, what's *your* verdict? ★

Wanted: A Ceiling on Election Spending

Continued from page 8

citizen who regards himself as entitled to a free ride to the ballot box in a car provided by his own party's candidate.

Take bribery, or the buying of votes by one device or another. Sometimes I think there has been a considerable improvement over the bad old days, but sometimes I wonder. There was a time, of course, when votes were literally bought for money in the market place. I well remember an incident, more than 40 years ago, when the Liberal buyers set up shop on one side of an actual market and their Tory competitors for votes on the other, while the vendors, the voters, moved from one side to the other, offering their franchises to the highest bidder. It was a tight election and toward the end of the day single votes were going for as high as \$75 and \$80 and one transaction was even recorded for an even \$100. When the exchange, or rather the polling places, closed, the winner's majority was two votes. Thirty-five thousand dollars had been spent by one side, \$30,000 by the other. Another \$300 in the loser's kitty in the last five minutes would have turned the tide.

Such things could not happen in these enlightened times. We have become smoother operators. Nowadays staunch friends of candidates become distributors of largess for the limited period of the campaign and surreptitious deliveries of coal, large orders of groceries, or even electric washing machines are made at the right moment.

The washing machine story will, I think, bear telling. It happened in a recent provincial election. A few days before the end of the campaign, electric washers arrived in a closely contested constituency in what can only be called wholesale lots and were delivered to householders with considerable flourish by workers for one of the candidates. There was grateful acceptance of these windfalls and, it may be assumed, marks of gratitude on ballot papers a few days later. A month passed. Notices were received from a sales agent demanding payment of second installments.irate and, of course, virtuous householders immediately sought out the political workers who had "arranged" the pre-election deliveries. The standard reply to angry questions

went something like this: "You said your wife wanted a washing machine and our candidate, now member, had the influence necessary to arrange a priority for you and the generosity to make the down payment in order to expedite delivery. What more do you want?" The "more" the citizen might want did not materialize and the occasional voter who consulted his attorney quickly discovered that his "case" simply did not exist in law. He could either foot the bill or send the washer back. Meanwhile, an election had been won.

Treating, for election purposes, is defined as the giving, or providing, of any meat, drink, provision or refreshment for the purpose of corruptly influencing voters—a practice which appears to have come down to us from the British. Here it took root in the giving of heavy subsidies to friendly tavern keepers, so that they might invite all and sundry to drink to the health of the great Mr. X and "To Hell with the opposition." The movement from the old-time saloon to the modern cocktail lounge has destroyed this form of political activity, at least in urban areas, for who would think of asking the guests of one of Mr. Drew's modern bars to stand and drink to the health of, say, Tim Buck? But in remote rural districts the old-fashioned "committee" and the Quebec "veillée" still have their place.

The Drinks Cancel Out

Imagine two or three budding young statesmen, fresh from the city, transplanted to a back-country kitchen, crowded with 30 or 40 rural voters of all ages and both sexes for an evening of song and dance, a minimum of serious political talk, food and a plentiful supply of the candidate's rum or "Caribou" and you have all the elements of entertainment if not of political education. Few latter-day politicians believe that their cause is advanced by such high jinks, but members of the older generation look back with nostalgic regret to a day when youth, a strong constitution and a man-size capacity for food and drink enabled them to participate in such unethical adventures. It may have been sinning against the electoral code, but at least it was joyful sin.

The high cost of even the commoner liquors has curtailed this kind of entertainment, but I doubt if curtailment has had much effect on the decisions

reached by voters. As in most things concerned with elections, the activities of one party cancel out those of the other, with the result that if both abstain from undercover goings-on—as they would be forced to do if expenditures were restricted—the result of the polling would be the same.

The Ladies Are a Problem

Personation (usually called impersonation by the public) is defined as applying for a ballot paper in the name of some other person, alive or dead. We acquired this practice from the United States, where it has been used effectively by the big-city machines. It does not appear to have penetrated into our election practices to any great extent west of the Ottawa River, but by all accounts it flourishes in Montreal, where it goes by the name of "telegraphing" and its exponents are "telegraphers." The Hon. C. H. Cahan, when he sat for the Montreal riding of St. Lawrence-St. George, on a number of occasions gave the House of Commons realistic pictures of the manner in which elections have been won and lost in that hybrid urban riding through the use of gangs of telegraphers, often imported from the United States, who contracted to deliver large blocks of votes in thickly populated areas, at so much per ballot.

Of all our corrupt electoral practices on the constituency level this is undoubtedly the most heinous and the most difficult with which to cope, since its operators are professionals, thugs and gangsters who stop at nothing. The practice has increased considerably since women secured the vote, not because the ladies are more politically immoral than their menfolks, but because women are not generally as widely known as men. Many businesswomen reside in boardinghouses and are seldom known even to their immediate neighbors. A similar statement applies to female domestic help. Thus, to challenge the identification of a woman come to vote is extremely difficult. The result is that the feminine telegrapher has become an important part of the machinery of electoral corruption in those areas where impersonation is widely practiced.

None of these despicable practices, of course, is without its amusing incidents. The story is told, and is credible, of a lawyer candidate who, at the end of election day, discovered that his valuable fur coat had been removed

from its hook on the committee room wall. The next morning he was asked to appear in court to defend one of his "supporters" accused of impersonation. On meeting his client as the latter emerged from the courthouse cell, imagine the lawyer's surprise when the "falsely" accused telegrapher appeared attired in the candidate's own coon coat!

In all these despicable practices money is the motive power. It is my argument, therefore, that if we severely curtail its use on the constituency level we shall make rapid strides toward removal of these crimes against democracy, by taking away the incentives which attract the chiselers and the gangsters. I do not suggest that we shall be able to achieve the millennium overnight. But we can move a long way toward it.

The use of central party funds, particularly between election campaigns, is by no means as heinous a business as the uninitiated sometimes claim. At least three of the federal parties maintain permanent national headquarters in Ottawa: The Conservatives at Bracken House (which may be Drew House, of course, by the time this is read), the CCF at Woodsworth House and the Liberals in rented offices on Wellington Street. Some of the Federal groups also maintain provincial offices. These all require full-time staffs, the members of which, because of the very nature of their work (which between elections may be called primarily educational), must be paid at least reasonable salaries to attract and hold competent people.

During the between-elections period, or nine tenths of the time, the function of these central offices is to keep a steady flow of party propaganda flowing into the country, in the form of periodicals, pamphlets, service to newspapers and all the usual legitimate devices of the propagandist. As election time approaches, the staffs of these organizations increase three- or fourfold as the central offices become responsible for national advertising campaigns, arrangements for their leaders' speaking tours and all manner of top-level activities—again, I repeat, of a perfectly legitimate and clean-cut nature. There can be little, if any, complaint about the functions of these central organizations.

The High Cost of Propaganda

No doubt exists, however, that if we were to restrict the amounts of money which central organizations are permitted to spend, we would be doing a good day's work for democracy. For again, in this field, the scales are often weighted in favor of the party which, for one reason or another, is able to raise the preponderantly large campaign fund. During the last provincial election in Quebec, for example, that indirect ally of Mr. Drew's Tories, Mr. Duplessis' Union Nationale, carried no less than 16 pages of paid advertising in one issue of a French-language daily. The Union Nationale, though ostensibly only interested in provincial affairs, is definitely in the big league today as a spender.

But granted an even-money status as between major parties in any election, restriction of their expenditures would be helpful to all and would also assure a much better opportunity for fighting our elections on issues, rather than with money. As things are now, if one party engages to carry advertisements in each of the 100 daily newspapers in the country, then the other must do so—and one half-page advertisement will cost the central organization \$9,475 for a single appearance. If neither party were to advertise due to

restrictions on spending, I venture to assert that the outcome of the election would not be affected in the slightest degree.

Free radio time for discussion of the issues of the day, particularly over the CBC, has relieved the parties of some part of the financial burden, for a half hour's talk by a national leader over the coast-to-coast network costs \$5,500. It would do no harm, either, if the parties were forced, by lack of money, to eschew the use of the mails, excepting, perhaps, one mailing during a campaign, which costs close to \$20,000 for postage alone. Much of the current use of the mails is wasted money in any case. In a recent provincial election, for example, it was discovered that in the last days of the campaign rural post offices were so jammed with political circulars from both parties that the propaganda material did not reach the voter before election day anyway. It would seem to me that what is wanted is an across-the-board study and overhaul of the whole campaigning technique, agreement among the parties on a new basis and a limiting of expenditures to fit the new technique.

There remains the question of publicizing the names of donors, and I do not think I am giving away any secrets of state when I say that those charged with the raising of campaign funds seriously fear that many present donors would no longer come across if the size of their donations were to be set down opposite their names, or the names of their corporations in a public report. I could also venture to believe that the publication of such names might in some cases be a source of embarrassment to the recipient party. But, actually, that is precisely what those who believe that reform is urgent are getting at. To publicize the names of those who contribute to central campaign funds would be an extremely healthy cathartic, both for donor and recipient. It is precisely the kind of medicine our democratic political process requires if it is to remain—or, perhaps I should say become—honestly democratic.

The original proposal of my 1938 bill, ironically called Power's Purity Purge, was to make corporations of all local political committees and regional and central organizations. They were to be subject to the same sort of legal controls and returns which all corporations must make to the authority which issues their charters. All receipts were to be deposited in a bank account and duplicate deposit slips furnished to a central officer, comparable to the Auditor-General in his duties. All expenditures were to be made by cheque. Hence, there would be a complete picture, on view at any time, of the sources of funds and the purposes for which they had been spent. I still believe this is the best approach we can find.

The amount expendable in the constituencies, in 1938, was to have been 10 cents per name on the electoral list of any riding. When the amended bill came back in 1939, members were talking in terms of 20 cents.

As to penalties, the obvious, if drastic, one is loss of seat in the event of any infraction of the rules concerning expenditure. Actually this was the point on which most members boggled when it came down to discussion of the bill in 1938 and again in '39. Mr. Neill, the Independent member from Comox-Alberni, B.C., perhaps stated the case in the most succinct terms and most effectively, because of his own reputation for the highest personal integrity. Calling the bill an abortion, he complained bitterly that the representative of a far-flung riding, such as his own, could not possibly be

expected to supervise the expenditures of his friends, or agent, in a constituency in which it is virtually impossible for the candidate to keep touch with his own outposts. Obviously, Mr. Neill pointed out, a man might easily, and inadvertently, overspend his quota in country in which he must get around by air, or even coastal schooner. Under such circumstances, he argued, the forfeit of his seat would be altogether too drastic a punishment. Such candidates, it was argued, could not be subjected to the same limitations as those laid on citizens contesting compact urban ridings. There is much to be said for this view.

Exceptions apart, the need for this type of penalty is crystal clear. The Rt. Hon. R. B. (later Lord) Bennett, with his almost uncanny knack of analyzing legislation, put his finger directly, on this (to every member) sore spot in the proposals and said: "There must be some summary method of dealing (with infractions of the code). And that summary method must provide that upon proof of contravention of the provisions . . . that man must forfeit his seat. And when you have men learning that their seats may be lost you will find a very great measure of care being exercised."

The Candidate Must Pay

Here, to my way of thinking, lies the crux of the whole question. We may restrict and publicize as much as we like, but if we do not equip ourselves with the teeth of penalty, and give them a sharp biting edge, we might just as well not bother. The obvious point at which to lay on the penalty is the candidate. It becomes, therefore, a question of forcing the men and women who contest seats for the House of Commons to police their own elections. This admittedly is no easy task, but the results would be well worth the inconvenience, for they would give back to the Canadian people the confidence in democratic election practices which I believe they have lost. And if our people lack confidence in their own free institutions, believing them to be no longer free of external pressures, how long do you think those institutions will last?

When this subject was debated in 1938 I said in the House: "Our present democratic system is built on confidence. Destroy that confidence and the value of our institutions is almost entirely impaired. A greater threat by far to democracy than the 'isms' that now infest our body politic is the belief that electoral manipulation, electoral manoeuvring, electoralism as it is called in our province, is undermining the very basis of democracy."

"How many times, in discussing elections after the event, have not two or three or more men from different political groups or allegiances got together and said: 'Surely it should be possible among ourselves, who in every other one of our activities are honest, decent, law-abiding citizens, to get together and see to it that our partisans and supporters shall be obliged to hew close to the line and run a decent, clean and honest election?' Now if two opponents can do that, if in individual constituencies that idea can be carried out—and I am told that it has been done—why cannot we all here as members of Parliament, who know that evils exist and know what they are, also get together and by agreement decide which of these evils should be eliminated and then sanction that agreement by legislation?"

The situation has not changed since these words were said. The evil still remains.

But it can be remedied. ★



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He will shortly be seen in a new Margaret Lockwood picture. He is also co-starring with Sarah Churchill in the film version of the recent British best-seller, *ALL OVER THE TOWN*.

This curious post-war world has produced some strange economic facts. On a recent evening, top government officials met in London to screen a new film in *THIS MODERN AGE* series. Its theme: Nuts. The picture, *HARVEST FROM THE WILDERNESS*, reveals why and how they have become important.

It has remained, too, for *THIS MODERN AGE* to deal, seriously and factually, with a subject which motion pictures since the days of Edison have handled, both fictionally and fantastically, in every conceivable other style. This is the subject of women. The film is *WOMEN IN OUR TIME*.

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Washington Memo

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

The part of President Truman's program which most surely faces rough sledding in the 81st Congress is the civil rights plank of the Democratic platform. The Southerners are now resigned to abolition of the poll tax—one of the means by which Negroes as well as many poor whites have been debarred from voting—and to a federal law against lynching, provided that it also makes possible federal intervention to bring to justice, when the local authorities fail to do so, those persons guilty of other forms of mob violence. Actually, lynching has all but disappeared in the South. There was only one lynching in 1947.

The South, however, will still fight to the finish against interference with its regional practice of racial segregation in the schools, railroad stations, and other public facilities. The South remains opposed also to a Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission—a long name for an agency with power to see that various types of jobs are not closed to Negroes and other minority racial groups.

The South badly needs federal aid to lift its schools to northern standards but cannot get this help, which almost certainly will be voted by the 81st Congress, without giving Negroes equal educational opportunities with whites. Indeed, the principle of equal educational opportunity is widely subscribed to in the Southern states and in some of them is close to realization in the lower and intermediate schools.

Mr. Truman has the semi-Southern background of central Missouri and of forebears who were on the Southern side in the War Between the States. As a senator he evinced no particular interest in the race problem. But by political circumstance he made, or had thrust upon him, pledges to the Negroes which he is morally obligated to do his best to keep. Moreover, the Dixiecrat revolt and its failure relieved him of many of the obligations which Democratic Presidents—including Roosevelt—normally have felt toward the sectional views of the South.

It may be ironic but it is not unlikely that the next four years under Truman will bring a greater rise in the status of the Negro than any comparable period since the abolition of slavery.

No difficulty is expected from the 81st Congress about appropriations for the European Recovery program, although the European partners have not made as much progress toward economic and political co-operation as many Americans would like to see. Ratification of the North Atlantic regional security pact will be one of the most important duties of the Senate this winter. No difficulty is anticipated about this, provided that the Dutch-Indonesian war is composed. The resumption of armed conflict in Indonesia and unfavorable developments in China have shifted public attention to some extent from Europe to the Far East.

Those who favored greater aid to Chiang Kai-shek and those who opposed it on the ground that his regime was incompetent and corrupt both have professed to find justification for their views in his military reverses. Two facts are beyond dispute: (1) that during and since the war the United

States extended aid to China on a very large scale and (2) that since the war, at least, it has been money down the drain.

The view that the Chinese Communists are not real Communists is no longer widely held in Washington although it was popular during the war. Some of the "China hands" here believe, however, that the cadre of Moscow-trained Chinese Communists is too small to organize China even if the nationalist regime could be obliterated. They insist that there is no possibility of China's being made into a Soviet asset for many years to come. Many

others regard this view as too complacent, pointing out that at the minimum Communist gains in China spur the Communist movements throughout Asia.

Official opinion and the press are united in condemning the Dutch for resuming strong-arm tactics against the Indonesian Republic, although there is much underlying sympathy for the difficulties confronting the Dutch in their Pacific empire. There has been more than a little annoyance at hints from the Dutch that unless Washington shows a greater understanding of their Indonesian problem they will be compelled to withdraw from the European Recovery program and stand aside from the North Atlantic security agreement. The Dutch are not the only Western Europeans who have contrived recently to give the impression that they regard the European Recovery program and the North Atlantic alliance as more important to the United States than to themselves. ★



Alias Who?

Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Duxton.

JOAN OF ARC was called "The Maid of Orleans" and P. T. Barnum was "The Prince of Showmen." If you can match 18 of these 20 personages with their nicknames, then, brother, you know your pseudonymenature.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Little Corporal | a. Abraham Lincoln |
| 2. The Lady With the Lamp | b. Attila |
| 3. The Manassa Mauler | c. George H. Ruth |
| 4. The Jersey Lily | d. Jenny Lind |
| 5. The Grand Old Man | e. William Pitt |
| 6. The Incorruptible | f. Harry Houdini |
| 7. The Wizard of Menlo Park | g. Florence Nightingale |
| 8. The Great Commoner | h. Frank Sinatra |
| 9. The Voice | i. Ralph Waldo Emerson |
| 10. The Little Flower | j. Maximilien de Robespierre |
| 11. The Swedish Nightingale | k. Otto Von Bismarck |
| 12. The Sultan of Swat | l. Arthur Wellesley |
| 13. The Brown Bomber | m. Jack Dempsey |
| 14. The Great Emancipator | n. William Ewart Gladstone |
| 15. The Scourge of God | o. Napoleon Bonaparte |
| 16. The Ambling Alp | p. Primo Carnera |
| 17. The Sage of Concord | q. Fiorello LaGuardia |
| 18. The Iron Chancellor | r. Joe Louis |
| 19. The Iron Duke | s. Lily Langtry |
| 20. The Handcuff King | t. Thomas A. Edison |

Answers below

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 20. f. Harry Houdini | 10. g. Fiorello LaGuardia |
| 19. l. Arthur Wellesley | 9. h. Frank Sinatra |
| 18. k. Otto Von Bismarck | 8. e. William Pitt |
| 17. i. Ralph Waldo Emerson | 7. t. Thomas A. Edison |
| 16. p. Primo Carnera | 6. j. Maximilien de Robespierre |
| 15. b. Attila | 5. n. William Ewart Gladstone |
| 14. a. Abraham Lincoln | 4. s. Lily Langtry |
| 13. r. Joe Louis | 3. m. Jack Dempsey |
| 12. c. George H. Ruth | 2. g. Florence Nightingale |
| 11. d. Jenny Lind | 1. o. Napoleon Bonaparte |

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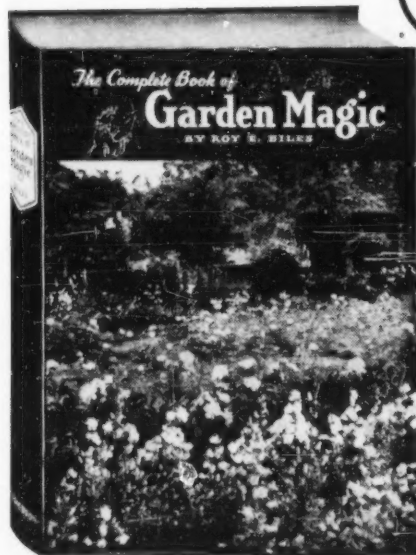
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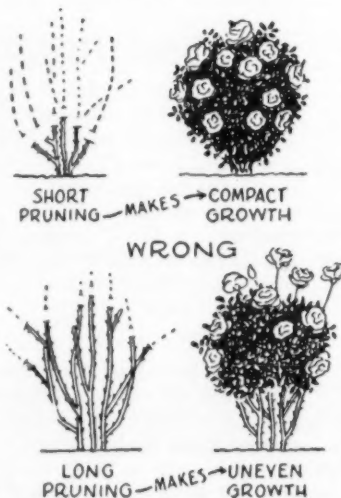
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

ONE OF our scouts, a Toronto man, has a thingamajig in his basement and a while ago the thingamajig broke down. Not only that, but the public utility outfit which installed and is supposed to service it remained impervious to repeated appeals for rescues. Finally our man stormed off to his lawyer, who for ten bucks drew up an armor-piercing missive calculated to breach the wall of official indifference.

Back at once came a reply. The utility people were deeply sorry. They had no record of a complaint being received, otherwise a thingamajig trouble-shooting crew would have been on the scene quicker than scat. This was an unprecedented occurrence, and steps would be taken to ensure that it would never happen again.

Our householder, grimly triumphant, was about to pocket the epistle when a small slip fluttered to his feet. It read: "Send this guy the bug letter."

Honesty has long been a recognized virtue of the Maritimer, but it remained for an elderly female Haligonian to come up with the clincher.

This lady was one of a homebound crowd jolting along in a square-wheeled Halifax streetcar — an ancient conveyance of the pay-as-you-leave sort — when smoke began to billow up through the floor.

The conductor stopped his tram and herded the passengers into the street. Our old lady watched him quell the blaze. Then, before the still-smoking hulk could be pointed for the carbarns, she stepped on board and dropped her ticket in the fare box.

In Montreal's coldly modern Recorder's Court recently a citizen stood charged with refusing to pay \$1.25 owing for a cab ride.



"Where did you get in the cab?" Recorder Leonce Plante asked.

"To be quite frank, Your Honor," replied the man in the dock, "I don't remember anything. I'm afraid I was drunk."

Recorder Plante then asked the

taxi driver where he had picked up his recalcitrant passenger.

"I didn't pick him up, Your Honor," the driver explained. "He was tossed into my cab by a policeman. The cop told me to take him home."

"I'm afraid," Recorder Plante ruled, "that if our policemen want to be so bighearted with people who are drunk, they'll have to pay for the taxis themselves. Case dismissed!"

Three separate times the young Alberta mother bundled her infant into his bunting and carried him squalling to the town doctor. Each time she came away with a new feeding formula and a heart full of hope. But Jimmy-boy spurned each carefully balanced recipe, and kept right on howling.



In desperation, finally, the mother compiled a check list of the town's matrons and sought their advice. Then she assembled her mass of homely data, averaged it out, and reduced it to a formula of her own. When the first drop hit Jimmy's innards he stopped lamenting. Twenty minutes later, bottle empty, he was sound asleep.

Being human, the mother couldn't resist reporting her success to the doctor. The real payoff, however, came quite late that night. The phone rang, the mother went sleepily to answer, and doggone if it wasn't the doctor's wife.

"Please," her harassed voice came through, against a background of wails that could only emanate from a hungry infant. "Please, won't you tell me how you fixed your baby?"

There's a punning cleric in Calgary who has given more than one passerby pause with the following appeal on his church sign:

"COME IN AND HAVE YOUR FAITH LIFTED"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



WIT AND WISDOM



Climber's Code—A snob is a person who thinks he's better than he knows he isn't.—*Calgary Herald.*

Escape Me Never — What an awful nuisance it is to flee from temptation and have it refuse to follow.—*Carstairs News.*

What a Disappointment!—A Detroit man on a hunting trip didn't shoot any deer, but killed one with his car. Probably mistook it for a pedestrian.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

For Wise Maidens . . .
The girl who is terribly clever,
A brainstorm, a genius, a whiz,
Should also be smart enough never
To let her man know that she is.
—*Galt Reporter.*

Bah!—Iceland has five sheep to each inhabitant. Breat that if you can.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Dangerous Coast—Whenever the going seems easy, it's well to make sure you're not going downhill.—*Niagara Falls Review.*

Or Halos, Maybe—To make a finer film of a Hollywood cutie the directors dusted her hair with real gold dust, probably grinding down some wedding rings.—*Brandon Sun.*

In a Word—We like the story of the Scotsman who was a man of few words. He quarreled with his wife one morning, left the house and did not return for 12 years. When he came back, he walked in quite calmly as though nothing unusual had happened.

"And where might you have been, Sandy Macpherson?" asked his wife.
"Out!" came the reply.—*Hamiota Echo.*

No Time for Talk—Husband: Who was that you were talking with outside for a whole hour?

Wife: Oh, that was Mrs. Jones. She didn't have time to come in.—*Roseland Miner.*

Sufferin' Dogs—"She is a woman who has gone through a great deal for her belief."

"Indeed? What is her belief?"
"She believes she can wear a number five shoe on a number seven foot."—*Edmonton Bulletin.*

Pitch and Run—Walter Johnson, one of the greatest stars in baseball history, was asked how he pitched to Ty Cobb.

"I used to give him the best I had," reminisced Johnson, "and then I'd run over to back up third base."—*Kirkland Lake News.*

WILFIE

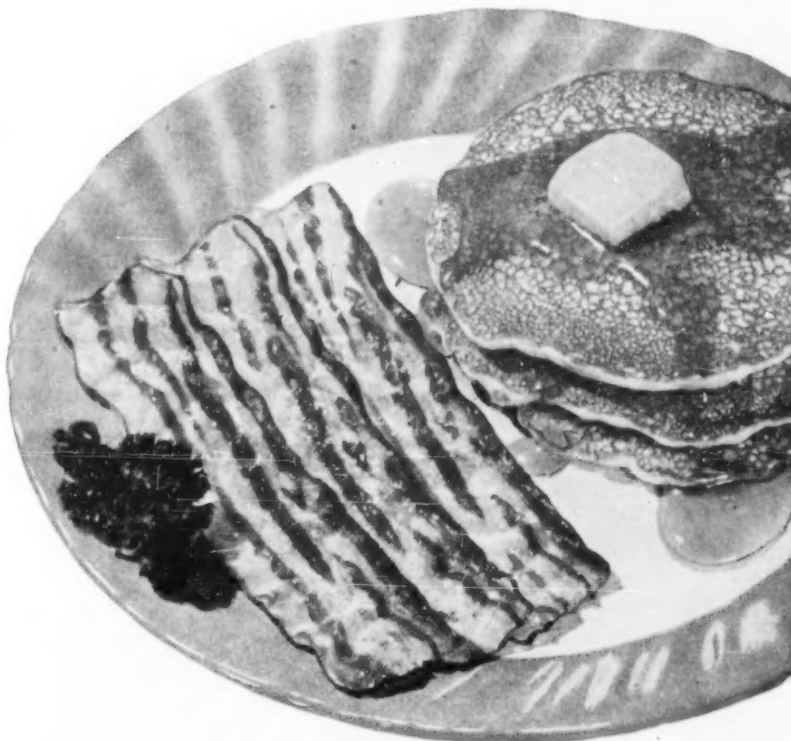
By Jay Work



MACLEAN'S



THE WHOLE FAMILY'S READY to pitch into each new day with a bang after a breakfast with Swift's Premium Bacon. Its rich nourishment helps make the day's tasks easy; its *sweet smoke taste* whets morning appetites. Yes, you're using bacon wisely when you bring it on for breakfast!



FAILURE-PROOF COOKING means more than ever now, so try this sure and easy way to cook Swift's Premium Bacon: Place on rack in shallow pan; bake in 400° F. oven, without turning, for about 10 min. So *dependable* in quality is Swift's Premium Bacon, so marvelously mild yet zesty, that Canada actually prefers it to all other leading brands combined!



Swift's Premium Bacon
with the *sweet smoke taste*



Red Fox



MEADOW MICE are eaten by foxes. By checking rodents, foxes help protect . . .



FARM CROPS of all kinds.

This fox-mouse-crop sequence of eating and being eaten is one of the food chains that help keep the right balance among all living things.

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FOXES HELP FARMERS put food on your table. It has been estimated that a fox eats over two thousand meadow mice per year. As 100 meadow mice can eat a ton of green grass or half a ton of hay in a year, this means a real saving in dollars to the farmer. It is true that a fox will attack unprotected poultry, but when chickens are kept behind secure fencing, the fox is one of the farmer's greatest allies in fighting rodents . . . it helps keep nature in balance.

Before you kill what may at first seems to be a pest . . . think of how it may help you if given a chance. Remember—nature in balance is nature unspoiled.

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